

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

FREEZING is said to be a painless death, and the prospect of passing away in this stiff and rather unusual way is presenting itself not only to thousands, but hundreds of thousands on this continent. Remote as is the prospect of being unable to obtain coal at a price within the reach of the average household, it is near enough to badly frighten those who live north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the Southern States there is considerable surface coal and but little scarcity of wood, and a milder temperature than throughout the Middle, Western and Northern States and Canada. In the cities, towns and villages of the zone where all the arrangements have been made for heating the houses by the burning of anthracite coal, the continuance of the strike and the scarcity of fuel of all kinds will cause such widespread misery, inconvenience and rebellion against present economic conditions as have never been known in the New World. The situation is already becoming intolerable. The coal barons and the railroad magnates who control the transportation facilities from the coal fields have not only the miners, but the consumers of coal, at their mercy. Is it possible for such a condition of things to continue in a so-called free country? It may be, and probably is, true that the miners are making claims in excess of what is justly due them, but it matters little what are the merits of a quarrel when millions of innocent and helpless consumers are being ground between the upper millstone of capital and the nether millstone of labor—no quarrel between two or more interests should involve the whole population in distress. Both the warring elements are intolerant, while those who are taking no part in the quarrel and are guiltless of any wrong find themselves with everything to lose, their health and lives being jeopardized, without any possible means of redress. "War," as General Sherman said, "is hell." Strikes of this kind, involving what is as necessary to the life and well-being of people as air and water, can be called nothing less than "hell." No war ever waged was more pitiless than that which is now being conducted in the coal fields between labor and capital. Not only is there a state of anarchy and blood being shed, but there is a prospect that death will come in the bloodless form of cold to helpless non-combatants. Even if the strike ends at once the assessment to be levied upon probably forty or fifty millions of people by the mine owners and the railroads in the shape of higher prices will cause as heavy a tax as if a bloody and long protracted campaign by sea and land had just been closed, and the amount of misery entailed will be just as great. What embitters the whole prospect is the utter inability of those who must have fuel, to either rebel or prevent a repetition of the outrage.

A paper in the United States has asked the question whether, if that country were at once plunged into war and required a million tons of coal, machinery could be found to force the production of that coal without loss of time. The general opinion expressed in reply has been that some unusual and stringent measure could be found to force the production and transportation to the warships of all the coal necessary. If it is possible to do such a thing when a nation is threatened by a foreign enemy, why is it not possible to use the same methods when misery, if not death, is threatened to so many of the citizens of the United States in a time of so-called peace?

Apparently neither the men nor the operators of the coal mines are willing for a fair arbitration which can be enforced by law. The miners cannot hope to freeze out the capitalists, but the capitalists are sure that they can freeze out the miners. During this process all those dependent for their fuel upon the mines which are not now being operated will perhaps have an opportunity to get frozen out as well, and apparently neither the miners nor the capitalists care a rap what happens to others so long as it does not happen to them.

Coal is as much a public utility in the present stage of our civilization as air and water, and any combination of conditions liable to shut the people off from their supply should be made impossible by the sternest legislative measures which can be enacted. Of course it is useless for us on this side of the line to bark like shivering curs at the two wild animals of labor and capital clashing one another in a death grip in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. It proves to us, however, that our situation is unsafe when we put reliance on a foreign country for a supply of any necessary of life. It should also prove to us conclusively that we should not let our own coal fields fall into the hands of any ring of trust able to make us shiver with the prospect of unwarmed houses in the winter, or, worse still, give them power to make us actually freeze, or to stop the wheels of our industrial concerns for lack of fuel. It is idle to talk of trusts being in any respect or in any case beneficial, and I should teach us not to unduly foster those labor trusts called unions until they have become responsible to their employers and can be held in check by the public that rely upon them for necessities. We theorize with regard to the public ownership of public utilities, such as railways and telephones, but what greater utility is there than coal? And what has been done in Canada with regard to retaining this absolute necessity of commerce, industrial production and domestic life, within reach of the people, unhampered by huge combinations which at any time can give us the frost? Vast areas of coal lands in Nova Scotia were turned over by the Provincial Government to a syndicate composed largely of United States capitalists. Great coal fields in British Columbia were placed in the hands of a syndicate which can exploit the mines as they see fit; and though there are still remaining in British Columbia and in Nova Scotia great tracts of coal land, they are in the majority of instances either inaccessible or have no outlets which are not already controlled by greedy corporations. The Conservatives of British Columbia at their recent convention adopted a clause demanding Government ownership of the coal mines, and at the present crisis nothing could seem more timely or prudent, and it is only to be hoped that it

is more than a mere attempt to lock the door after the horse has been stolen.

Compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes seems to me to be carrying the thing too far, though I do not oppose a general measure on the same ground as that taken by the labor unions, who seem anxious to avoid responsibility in any possible shape. It would be enough, except in special cases, if it were made a criminal offence, or even a misdemeanor, for those refusing to work preventing those who are willing to labor from taking their places. However, in matters affecting the transaction of public business or the operation of public utilities compulsory arbitration should be swift and sure. It will yet be found necessary, whether wage-earners like it or not, for the Government to insist upon compulsory arbitration to prevent railroad strikes, strikes amongst coal miners, telegraph operators, or the employees of any public institution. Imagine for a moment the condition of affairs if the employees of the Post-Office Department of Canada were to go on strike. Such a state of affairs has already developed in Victoria, in Australia, where the Government employees went on strike to prevent an all-round reduction of salaries, and thus caused the defeat of the Government which has just tried to bring in a retrenchment bill to cut down a deficit. Business would be stagnated, and if, as would be probable, the telegraph employees were to join in the fracas, communication of all sorts would be cut off. Every employee of a railroad or any

crisis will teach the consumer a lesson which has never before been taught. It is to be hoped so, for then it will be one of the blessings which come in very sombre disguise.

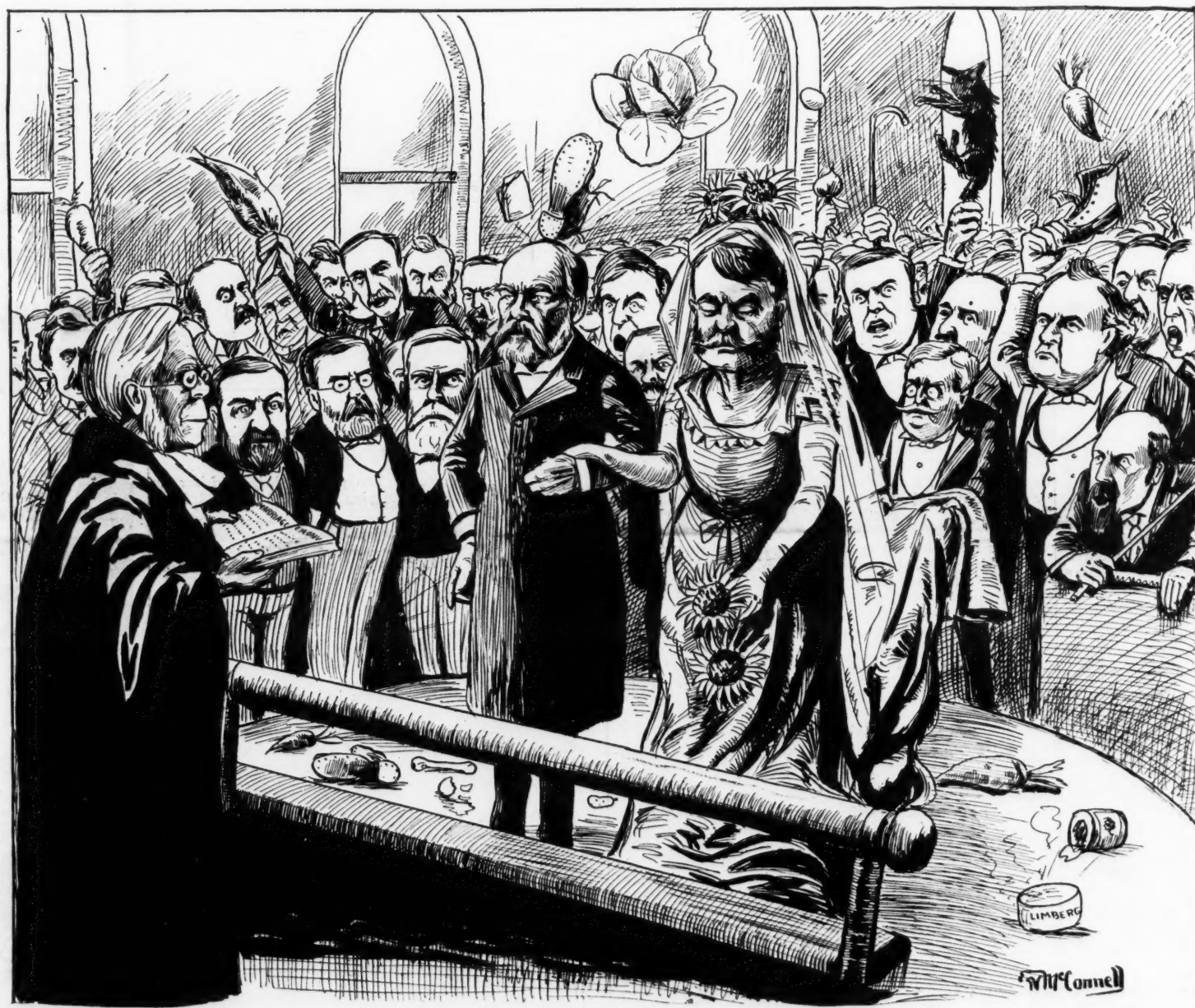
THE postponing once again of the Sifton murder trial at London draws attention to the very peculiar history of this case, which has now been hanging fire for over two years and is still not disposed of. Sifton, who denies his guilt, remains locked up, together with his alleged confederate, who confessed to the murder. If Sifton is a parricide he ought to have expiated his deed long ago; if he is not, a great injustice has been done in keeping him in jail, with the dreadful charge hanging over him all this time. But individual interests are not the only ones to be considered. What of the public, who have been saddled with heavy costs in connection with this interminable case, and what of the reputation of our courts for the swift and unflinching administration of justice? Mr. Justice Lount, who presided at the London assizes this week, very properly declined to try the case, in which he had figured as counsel prior to his elevation to the bench. Surely there is not such a scarcity of judges in Ontario that this particular justice had to be assigned to this particular court; but knowing that Judge Lount was to be the assize judge, it would seem that the Crown officers at London might have applied in time to the proper authorities at Osgoode Hall to have another judge sent in his place. I am assured that any English

tain unjust privileges, than for the preferment of either the Grit or Tory party, and care practically nothing whether the honors and emoluments of office all go to one side or the other, or whether they be divided between the two. This, it seems to me, should be the position taken by all good citizens, and probably it is the belief of the great majority who, if they expressed themselves candidly, would ask that a truce be declared for a time at least. Of course those who are crazy for office after being in opposition for over thirty years, talk loudly of principle and go into hysterics whenever a compromise is suggested. As a matter of fact, such people are not fit to be put in office; they are so hungry that they would gorge themselves to death with the fat things of political place, to the scandal and disaster of public business. I haven't much belief in the abstract patriotism of party bosses, nor, I am sorry to say, in the impartiality or right thinking of the average elector when his party hair is on end and his mouth wide stretched in shouting for leaders who have never shown themselves capable of leading. We have no election on at the present moment, and it is a time for careful review of the whole situation. If the electorate can ever be expected to act calmly and with good judgment, it should be during such a lull, when the strength of neither party is thoroughly well defined and a settlement can be more easily arrived at than after every possible member of the Legislature has been lined up for a furious battle over nothing but the spoils of office. It is doubtful if Mr. Whitney can win the Premiership, but there is no doubt in my mind that he will win public esteem if he takes the moderate view and sacrifices what little chance he has of creating a deadlock, and possibly obtaining office, which at best he can only get by the skin of his teeth.

TURNING to the treatment by the "Globe" and many of the other leading Liberal papers of the Tarte propaganda, in favor of higher protection on certain lines of production in which we are getting the worst of it, I confess I cannot see anything but a premature fussiness and a tendency to usurp the functions of the Premier to even a greater extent than that of which Messrs. Tarte and Sifton have been guilty. There is no general election in the near future, and unless Sir Wilfrid Laurier is staying abroad in order to give the Bourbon Liberals a chance to try to trim Mr. Tarte, the controversy is the worst kind of politics, without the saving grace of any patriotic impulse, and can be esteemed nothing better than an outbreak of jealousy and ill-temper. There is no doubt that the whole business of rebuking Mr. Tarte was either delegated to Mr. Sifton by the back-number Liberals, or assumed by him. The choice of a spokesman was not altogether fortunate, for Sir Richard Cartwright is the oldest and best equipped advocate of the policy which kept the Liberals out of power for so many years. Furthermore, Mr. Sifton represents a constituency in the West, and though he is described as representing Western ideas it must be remembered that during the old protectionist Government the West voted for protection, and in the majority of instances has continued to do since, Manitoba sending but Mr. Sifton and another at the last general election to represent the freer trade ideas which we are told are running over the plains like a prairie fire. Without in the slightest degree intending to belittle Mr. Sifton—for I intend to take no part in the personal features of this controversy—he was hardly the man to step forward as one of three representatives from Manitoba to annihilate Mr. Tarte, whose influence and organizing ability—coupled, of course, with Sir Wilfrid's personality and popularity—were sufficient to obtain 58 out of 65 supporters of the Government from the Province of Quebec. The odds are so great as to make it preposterously absurd for the Minister of the Interior to claim that his policy is more popular with the Liberals of Canada than that of Mr. Tarte. Altogether, those who have brought about the present ferment over the tariff might very well have left Mr. Tarte alone, for when uncontradicted he was listened to merely as an individual member of the Cabinet. Now his words are hearkened to as those of a man in official position who proposes to stay with his policy whether he has to stay with his party or not.

THE Knights of Labor were barred by a large majority from the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, in session this week at Berlin, Ont. The Knights of Labor, which has been made more or less of a local concern, has its chief strength in Quebec and the Eastern provinces, and according to those who advocated the admission of its representatives, furnishes 40 per cent. of the strength of the Congress. Those who voted it out of doors were the adherents of the international organizations, and consequently the contest was between something largely Canadian and local, and unions which have their main strength in the United States. There are many friends of labor who do not believe that warring delegates from the United States should either come over here and foment trouble or take the management of strikes after they have been inaugurated, but the Labor Congress evidently takes the opposite view, probably impelled in that direction by desiring to be a part of a huge international combine rather than to work upon purely Canadian lines.

ABOUT a month ago a despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, indicated that the two most important British West Indian Islands, Trinidad and Jamaica, envious of the growing prosperity of Porto Rico, were agitating for annexation to the United States. It cannot be denied that many of the British West Indian islands are financially in a deplorable condition, yet the same expensive system of government is kept up which was inaugurated when the islands were prosperous. While in Ontario but \$10,000 a year is paid to the Lieutenant-Governor of over 2,000,000 prosperous people, the Governor of Jamaica gets \$25,000, besides numerous exemptions and privileges, for ruling over a small population of whites and 488,624 negroes. The revenue is at a standstill, import duties being at the highest



A SHOTGUN WEDDING.

ROSS—WHITNEY—At the Government House Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Mowat, Janie P. Whitney of Morrisburg to George W. Ross of this city. No Cards. [Two souls with but a single thought; two hearts that "beat" as "one."]

other public utility should enter the service as a man enters the army, liable to the severest punishment if he breaks his contract and forsakes his duty without permission from his superior officer. What could be done with an army if the officers and men were permitted to go on strike or cause a lock-out? A disaster to the general public of the same gravity would not be brought about if a strike involved the cotton mills, woollen mills, sugar mills, the foundries, the shoe shops, or any of those industrial concerns the output of which we can do without and not suffer either great personal inconvenience or general financial loss, and compulsory arbitration in their case is not so necessary. Transportation companies, too, should be brought under some general law, not only civil, but criminal; not merely a blind statute in a book, but under some workable rule whereby penalties in case of resistance would involve at least a reversion to the state of the transportation lines and franchises.

For many reasons the suffering which will be caused to those who have had no hand in creating the coal strike and are utterly unable to stop it, will not be abated. Nothing but the bitterest experience, nothing but an object lesson which will reach ourselves individually and those Providence has given into our care, is likely to teach us to avoid the commercial slavery into which we are drifting. If the combination of capital and the union of laborers are to have the whole say, or either of them is to have an undue voice in the government of this country, those who wish to be free from the shackles and inconveniences of such a tyranny had best buy a well-wooded farm, move on to it, and start making an independent living in a locality where they can breathe and get what warmth and comfort their industry produces without having to crawl on their hands and knees to either the Trusts or the Labor Unions. Possibly there may not be enough electors free from the influence of these two great combinations to elect legislators who will make proper laws for the preservation of public utilities from the greed of those who now own or operate them, but if the votes and influence of the corporations and the votes and influence of the unions are running this country, the sooner we count noses for the purpose of discovering whether or not resistance is possible, the better. Probably this coal

judge after the last abortive trial would have ordered the sheriff to empanel a fresh jury and would have tried the case again before leaving the assize town, or the Lord Chancellor would have sent a judge down to hold a trial under a special commission.

THE cartoon on this page suggests some of the humorous features of the oddly assorted union which would take place should there be a Ross-Whitney coalition, and how some of the step-children would be apt to regard such political nuptials. It may be that the "Globe" is talking about an impossibility when it reiterates its belief that a coalition under the circumstances would be the best way out of an exceedingly difficult entanglement, neither of the political parties in Ontario having sufficient backing to carry on a government without the intrigues and corrupt deals which, no matter which party has the reins of government, must necessarily consume the greatest part of its energy. Certainly to retain even an uncertain grasp of the situation in order to unless the "Globe" has some assurances that the scheme is practicable, it is talking poor politics to mention such a thing, as in nearly every constituency the mere mention of a coalition being either possible or necessary is certain to weaken the prestige of the Ross Government and inspire hope in the Opposition heart that the present Administration is tottering to its fall. No matter how this may be, it sometimes behooves a leading newspaper to talk good sense even if it talks poor politics, and I have no doubt that many people who did not vote for the present Government respect the "Globe" in the stand it has taken, and would themselves be glad to see such a patriotic solution of a problem which, if unsolved, will threaten the province, no matter whether Ross or Whitney is at the head of affairs. Last week I endorsed the suggestion, and after reading all that has since been said by angry Liberals and jeering Conservatives, I still hold that a coalition would be for the good of the province, no matter whether it be for the good of the political parties or not. The electors of Ontario, it is to be hoped, have more regard for good government and the freedom of the executive from the everlasting gun which is always being pushed into its face in order that individuals and corporations may ob-

possible point, while the market for the products of the island is less promising than it was many years ago. The fruit trade with the United States is said to be the most profitable undertaking in Jamaica to-day, being continuous and phenomenal in its growth, and has become the mainstay of the island. Taxes are becoming harder to collect because people are daily going out of work in consequence of the failure of the sugar industry. The despatch stated that within the past few months thousands upon thousands of persons have been prosecuted for non-payment of taxes, the defaulters being generally given a month or two in which to pay up their dues, or in default take a term of imprisonment, which does not cancel the debt. While the business men and planters generally were said to favor annexation to the United States, the negroes are bitterly opposed to it, they having heard of the lynchings and anti-negro laws of the Southern States. It is not strange that these poor blacks hold their freedom from oppression as being more precious than financial prosperity. The despatch also, referred to a third party standing between two others, advocating federation with Canada as the only remedy for the ills from which the islands are undoubtedly suffering.

Last week the local daily press had another despatch from Kingston, Jamaica, which reported that at a representative meeting the sugar planters of the island passed resolutions condemning Great Britain's neglect of the West Indies, resulting almost in ruin to the sugar industry; setting forth the total inadequacy of the measures proposed by Great Britain for relief, and calling for federation with Canada as the only means of retrieving the fallen fortunes of Jamaica. This is said to be the first definite proposal for federation with the Dominion that has ever been made. How will it be received by the people of this country? We cannot afford to turn up our noses and treat with scorn a proposition which probably is but the precursor of others which will be made by the various islands of the British West Indies. Canada now has no tropical lands, and it seems to me that we might well look into the matter pre-disposed in favor of adding to Confederation those large and fruitful islands which produce that which we need and are large consumers of that which we have to sell. We cannot afford to shirk the responsibilities of enterprise unless we are prepared to accept the embarrassments and limitations which all over-cautious policies create. We would not need to assume the naval guardianship of the islands, for that would remain Great Britain's task, as the protection of our commerce still remains the duty of the Mother Country, even with regard to our own shipping.

Federation with these islands and the bringing in of Newfoundland would be an extraordinary advertisement for Canada throughout the world, and would somewhat stagger our republican neighbors. If we are engaged in nation building and the creation of history, as our political leaders claim we are, we must advance along these lines. It would give a great impetus to the shipping industry of the Maritime Provinces. Some of the boats which ply on our inland waters in the summer, might well devote themselves to the West Indian trade in the winter, thus obtaining twelve months of employment instead of about six or eight as at present. There is a fascination about such a project which will draw every thoughtful Canadian mind to its favorable consideration, for not only would it develop the sea-going instincts of the men of the Maritime Provinces, but the West Indian Islands would furnish outlets for our commerce which would soon be extended to Central and South America. Nor would our Parliamentary balance be much disturbed, for the number of representatives they would send to Ottawa would not be large. Moreover, it would relieve Great Britain of a problem which she has been unable to solve, and which, if we do not extend a helping hand, will probably find a very unhappy solution by the annexation of these rich and important islands to the United States. It is to be hoped that there will be no shirking of responsibility in this matter by the Canadian Government, no frivolous fears of including a large negro population so distant from our doors that it cannot become the plague which it is in the United States. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that the West Indian darkey is a very different and much better mannered person than the Southern States produce; he is law-abiding and loyal, even if he is a trifle lazy, and we could very well stand a considerable influx of such willing servants as these negroes are reported to be.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY," which is devoting nearly as much space and energy discussing national problems as the leading reviews, in a recent issue had three leading articles, of a most friendly nature, with regard to Canada. One of them makes such an interesting sequel to the British West Indian outlook, which I have just discussed, that a portion of it is reproduced:

"Canada's position as an independent sovereign state is strongly marked by the proposal that Canada should 'annex' the British West Indies. The editor of the 'Antigua Observer' writes that, years ago, when the Canadian Government sent its financial secretary to the British West Indies, to bring about reciprocal trade with Canada, the Antigua Legislature willingly acceded to the proposal, but the whole matter was blocked by the English Colonial Office. Antigua was not allowed to enter into any reciprocal tariff arrangement, owing to European treaties, but the sentiment in favor of a closer union with Canada has evidently persisted and gathered strength. It is pointed out by Canadian writers that the federation of the West Indian Islands with Canada would remove the disadvantages they labor under, as Crown colonies, in being subjected to the action of these treaties. Their federation with Canada would open up to them a large free market without materially reducing Canada's revenues or injuring existing industries. The change in the system of government, it is pointed out, would also relieve them from the burden of maintaining a number of highly paid Imperial officials. Canada's imports from the British West Indies are chiefly tropical products which Canada herself can never produce, such as molasses, sugar and tropical fruits. Last year, for example, Canada imported \$738,168 worth of bananas, of which only \$23,355 worth came from the British West Indies, while not less than \$714,807 worth came through the United States. This large sum might have been shared between British West Indians and Canadians had the two groups of colonies been federated, or, to use the phrase of the Canadian writers, had Canada 'annexed' the British West Indies. It is also suggested that Canada would be able to take the total output of raw sugar from the British West Indies, refine it, and ship the surplus to England; and Canada is even prepared to pay bounties to the sugar-planters of the West Indian Islands. In 1902 Canada imported from these islands goods worth \$1,600,000, a marked increase over the trade of 1901, which was valued at \$1,068,000. The interesting fact in all this is Canada's growing sense of independent sovereign rights."

A NEW development in university education in America is marked by the announcement of Harvard University and the University of Pennsylvania that they will hereafter grant the degree of Bachelor of Arts at the end of a three years' course. This is the result of a long struggle, and the effects educationally of the lopping off of one year from the traditional four years' course remain to be seen. Four years may still be spent in acquiring a degree. This letting down the bars is an advantage which the student will be free to accept or reject. Those who prefer to spread their college course through four years will be allowed to work under the old system. But the ultimate effect of the new rule will plainly be to place the four-year students in a position which they will not wish to occupy as compared with those completing the course in less time. If students are now wasting four years at college in accomplishing what might be done as well, or better, in three, the reform instituted at Cambridge, Mass., and Philadelphia is in the right direction. On the other side of the question it may be argued that a boy goes to college for its associations as well as for instruction, and that four years is a short

enough time in which to mould friendships and fix habits that are to endure for a lifetime.

WINDSOR, Ont., seems to be the Gretna Green for Michigan and neighboring States, over five hundred clandestine marriages of United States couples, it is alleged, taking place there annually. The worst phase of it seems to be that some of these elopers, liking the trip so well, slip over to the Canadian side and get married more than once, as shown in the Hogan bigamy case in Detroit, which has caused an investigation which will probably result in an attempt by the Ontario Legislature to pass a law which will in a measure stop these runaway marriages.

Social and Personal.

THOSE jolly Argonaut men who know so well how to play the host have another successful dance to add to a very lengthy series. Saturday afternoon their fall regatta and At Home took place, and both from a sporting and social point of view was an immense success. During the afternoon the balconies were crowded with pretty girls and explaining escorts, and intense was the interest as the final heats in the regatta were rowed. Major Harston, the vice-president, presented the medals to the plucky winners, and Mr. Birchall, Mr. Madill, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Kerr had to bear the brunt of a shower of congratulations for the rest of the afternoon. After the regatta was over the dancing took place, and the usual crowding and bumping so characteristic of an Argonaut dance were for once not so much in evidence. Mrs. Ross Gooderham was one of the few of the younger matrons present, and looked unusually well in a smart white serge gown. Miss Biddome of London, Miss Kingsmill of Ottawa, Miss Nutta Marshall of Orangeville and Miss Kathleen Massey of New York were four particularly charming visitors from out of town who had heaps of attention, and from all appearances a very jolly time. Present among many others were: Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Florence McArthur, Miss Lilian Lee, Miss Polson, Miss Stout, Miss Warwick, Miss Mildred Stewart, Miss Hunter, Miss Carruthers, Miss Gillies, Miss Baines, Miss Proctor, Miss Lamont and Major Harston, Mr. Claude Bryan, Mr. Jellett, Mr. E. Hamber, Mr. J. A. Alley, Mr. Ridout, Mr. Cunsell, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Arthur Ritchie, Mr. Hardisty, Mr. Merriek, Mr. Johnston, Mr. George Sears, Mr. Arthur Wilson, Mr. Taylor, Mr. McKay, Mr. Ashworth, Mr. Dudley Oliver, Mr. Gillies, Mr. Charles Pentland, and Mr. Harry Strange.

Those who took part in the "Carnival of Romances" in Toronto last spring will have read with unusual interest this week of the highly romantic marriage of Mr. Lynwood to Miss Kate Ryan of Ottawa. Mr. Lynwood was the life and soul of the performances here, and those who had the pleasure of hearing his artistic rendering of "Wait" will not soon forget the delightful musical treat. His bride is, I am told, a very beautiful and accomplished girl, belonging to a well-known Ottawa family, and this match has certainly provided sufficient conversation for the tea hour in Ottawa for many a day.

On Wednesday, in St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Berlin, Mr. Harry D. McKellar, eldest son of the late Lachlan McKellar, Toronto, and Miss Olga Rumpel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rumpel, "Forest Hill," Berlin, were married, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. R. von Pirch. The church was decorated with asters, ferns and palms. As the bridal party entered the church, the wedding hymn was sung by the surplised boys' choir, accompanied on the organ by Professor Boettger. The bride wore a gown of Renaissance lace over white duchess satin, with garniture of chiffon frills, edged with Renaissance braid, her veil being edged with point lace and crowned with a wreath of myrtle. She carried a shower bouquet of roses and her only gem was a gold heart studded with pearls—the gift of the groom. Miss Mary McKellar, maid of honor, wore pale pink crepe de chine over white taffeta with cream lace insertion, the waist trimmed with white chiffon. She carried white roses and her hat was of pink panne velvet with white plumes. The first bridesmaid was Miss Etta Snyder of Berlin, with Miss Edith Scott of Galt and Miss Nora Marks of Port Arthur assisting. They were gowned alike in pale green embroidered chiffon over white taffeta, with burthas of Brussels point lace and sashes of white chiffon. Their white picture hats were covered with snowy plumes and each of the trio carried pink roses. The groom's gifts to them and to the maid of honor were pretty brooches. A little sister and a cousin of the bride, Hilda Rumpel and Emma Huffman, were flower girls, and Master Alex Petter served as page. The groomsmen were Mr. Dales of Toronto, and the ushers were Messrs. J. A. McDonald, David G. Haig, W. S. Ziller, Norman Babb, Robert Cluis, and Mayor Beck of Penetanguishene. After the ceremony a reception was held at "Forest Hill," and at the succeeding luncheon Dr. Lackner, M.P.P., presided as toast master. Mr. and Mrs. McKellar went to Boston and other cities of the Atlantic seaboard for their honeymoon.

Mrs. A. R. Lewis of Rosedale has sent out cards for next Wednesday between the hours of four and seven, when she is to introduce her daughter, Miss Louise Lewis at a large At Home.

Walkerton was the scene of a very pretty wedding this week, when Miss Etta J. McCrum, daughter of Mr. Henry McCrum, was married to Mr. Lawrence A. Barrett, the youngest son of His Honor Judge Barrett of Bruce County. Both the bride and groom are very popular, and received any number of handsome presents. The honeymoon is to be spent in the East, after which Mr. and Mrs. Barrett are to take up house in Cobden, Ont.

I regret to announce that the engagement between Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson and Miss Eric Wilson of Quebec is broken off. This will be a great disappointment to Miss Wilson's many friends in Toronto, as they were looking forward to having her in their midst.

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin and family have removed from their old residence at 530 Bathurst street, to 11 Elm avenue, Rosedale.

On Thursday evening, September 4th, Christ Church, Haysville, was the scene of one of this season's prettiest weddings, when Miss Annie Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas B. Puddicombe, was married to Dr. John J. Walters, a prominent physician of Hamburg. At nine o'clock the bridal party entered the church, which was artistically decorated with palms and white cut flowers. The bride looked beautiful in her duchess satin gown, conventional tulle veil, and orange blossoms, which were sent from California. The bodice was tucked, having a yoke of point lace embroidered in silver and finished by an accordion pleated fichu fastened with a large pearl fleur-de-lis, the groom's gift. Her skirt was also tucked, and had hip yokes of point lace, a graduating flounce of accordion pleating forming the train. The bride's cousin, Miss Elsie Tye, of Goderich, was maid of honor, and looked sweetly pretty in her gown of white organdie over tulle. She carried a magnificent bouquet of roses. Miss Perle Puddicombe, the bride's pretty little sister, was very dainty in her organdie frock over pink and carrying pink roses. Little Miss Jennie Walters and Miss Mary Walker made dear little flower girls. They wore pretty point d'esprit frocks and both carried baskets of white sweet peas. Dr. Norman Wallace of Alma was best man. The ushers were Dr. J. B. Lundy of Portage la Prairie and Mr. Harry B. Puddicombe, brother of the bride. After the service, which was read by the Rev. J. Ward, rector of Christ Church, a reception was held at "Ferry Bank," the delightful home of Mr. and

Mrs. Puddicombe. The guests numbered over a hundred, a number being from out of town. The dejeuner was served in the large dining-room, the Misses Ida Walker, Bessie Tye, Haysville; Miss Fanny Puddicombe, Hamburg; Miss Etta Corrie, Stratford, and Miss Mai E. Wright, Lockport, N.Y., being the bright assistants. About midnight the room was cleared and an orchestra, which had been playing all evening, continued for the dancing until 4 a.m., when Dr. and Mrs. Walters bade adieu to their guests and left on the five o'clock train for Toronto, thence to Germany via New York. They expect to be abroad for at least three months. Their many friends join in wishing them "bon voyage."

I am asked to announce that owing to the continued cold weather the management of the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, decided to close the hotel for the season this week. It was at first intended to remain open till October, but for the reason I have mentioned a change has been made.

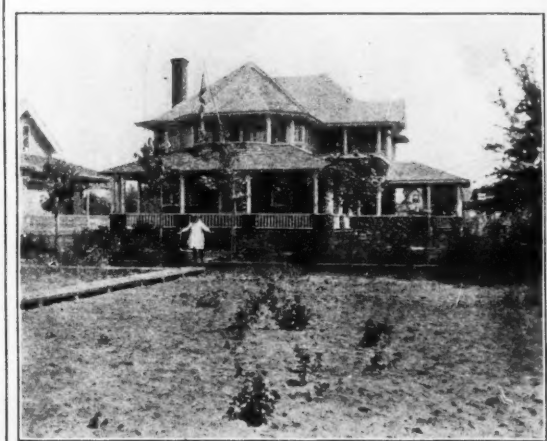
Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson of the Royal Grenadiers and Major Myles of the Field Battery, two of our smartest military men, leave next week for Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they are to be attached to the staff of the camp.

Miss Ida Homer Dixon, who has spent the summer at the Georgian Bay, has returned to town and is staying with Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange.

That indefatigable traveller, Sir Charles Tupper, and Lady Tupper, are expected to arrive in Montreal to-day, they having sailed from Liverpool last week. Sir Charles and Lady Tupper are to proceed almost immediately to their home in Vancouver.

Professor W. H. VanderSmitten, who has spent the past year abroad, got back to town on Tuesday. Mrs. VanderSmitten and Miss Edith VanderSmitten are to spend the winter in England, sailing for home in the spring.

Mr. Jephcott's home, with its artistic wrought-iron fence is declared by the neighbors and many other Islanders to be one of the prettiest places on Center Island. Our artist, Mr. Albert Winkelmann, snapped it, with Mr. Jeph-



cott's pretty little blue-eyed daughter Kathleen hospitably opening the gate. Mr. and Mrs. Jephcott have called their Island home "The Kiosk."

Miss May Biddome of London is a bright visitor in town this week. She is staying with Colonel and Mrs. Buchan at Stanley Barracks.

Miss Laidlaw of Montreal, who has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald at their charming place in Deer Park, returned home this week.

Captain and Mrs. Elmsley of Ceylon are two warmly welcomed visitors in town this week. They are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Remy Elmsley of Barnstable, and are, I believe, to be here some time.

Miss Falconbridge of Quebec is in town on a visit to Mrs. G. St. George Baldwin of Lowther avenue.

Captain and Mrs. Walker and their family, who have spent the summer at "Glebelawn," their pretty place in Cebourg, returned to town this week.

Mrs. Macdonald of New York is staying with her sister, Mrs. Vaux Chadwick, and was the guest of honor at a very successful euchre party yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Fisk of Montreal is staying at "Chudleigh" for the Reeves-Macdonald wedding, which is to take place this afternoon.

Mrs. Grant Macdonald and Miss Helen Grant Macdonald, who have been staying at the Welland in St. Catharines, returned to town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross of Montreal came up to town for a short visit this week, and are staying with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews of St. George street.

Mrs. Macdonell of Winnipeg, who has been visiting in town all summer, returned home on Tuesday. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Beatrice Lockhart, who is to spend the winter with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren of Wellesley street, with their little family, return to town this week from their pretty Island home.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Kirkland have returned to town after spending several weeks at Lake Simcoe.

Dr. and Mrs. Lash Miller have returned to town from Juddhaven, Muskoka, where they spent the summer.

Sir William Mulock came up from Ottawa early in the week and spent several days in town. Lady Mulock returned the beginning of the month from her country place near Newmarket, which has been the scene of several very jolly house parties during the summer months.

Miss Olive Pringle is in town, the guest of Mrs. Joseph Todd of Parkdale.

Miss Evelyn Street, who has been visiting Mrs. Woodhouse of Dorval, got back to town this week.

Mrs. Arthur Sprague and Miss Florence Sprague arrived home on Tuesday after an absence of several months. They spent the time at Golden, B.C., where they have a very charming summer home.

The engagement is announced this week of Miss Florence Lamont, daughter of Mr. Henry Lamont, to Mr. Wallace Bruce, who has lately been moved to town from Ottawa.

Mrs. J. Frank Dawson (nee Richardson) is to hold her first receptions on the afternoons of October 2nd and 3rd. I hear that Mrs. Richardson is very much better after her recent serious illness.

Luck and Puck are a couple of shifty lightweights, but Grit and Gumption can knock 'em out in one round.

WM. STITT & CO.
Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers
BRIDAL AND BRIDESMAIDS' GOWNS
Reception, Evening and Dinner Gowns
MILLINERY—Hats for all occasions.
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CORSETTS—The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.
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There are a number of pianos that look well and sound fairly well—AT THE START. You can buy cheap pianos that do that, but a piano should be built to last a lifetime. If it only "stays good" a few months it is dear at any price.
BELL PIANOS
are the kind that STAND. They are safe instruments to buy. They stand the wear and tear of everyday usage, and with ordinary care three generations of children may practice on one. Besides their known goodness you have our ten years' guarantee.
Bell Piano Warerooms:
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GOWANS KENT & CO.
Bischoff
Mr. Franz A. Bischoff of Detroit will conduct classes in our studio beginning September 15 and continuing for two weeks. We will be pleased to supply any further information upon application.
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MILLINERY SPECIALISTS
Exquisite Conceptions
This store's record in the Millinery business needs not to be repeated. That we take front rank is generally conceded. Never has there been such a splendid collection of Fall Hats as is here now with not a shadow of too much price in the entire stock. We invite lovers of the artistic to visit the show-rooms.
228 and 228 YONGE STREET.

Spoiled Weddings
Many a smart wedding is spoiled through inartistic arrangement of plants and flowers. When Dunlop undertakes the floral decorations and supplies the lovely Bridal Bouquets the success of a wedding is assured.
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.
Roses, Lily-of-the-Valley, Orchids

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Ten years with

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 King Street—opposite the Post-Office.
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Becoming, Comfortable, Correctly-fitted, Fashionable Eyeglasses
FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS
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 567 Yonge Street
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 everyone needs some good preparation to enable the skin to resist the action of the cold, wet weather of autumn, coming as it does immediately after delightful summer.

Meloderma
 is the only preparation made that supplies all the needs of a chapped, roughened or burning skin. It is anti-septic, cooling and refreshing, and is one of the best skin-foods on the market.
 For use after shaving it is unexcelled.
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Social and Personal.

THE worst friend of the Island Amateur Aquatic Association—and, entre nous, "there are a few" who look with no friendly eye upon these weekly "doings"—could not have wished them a worse night for their dance than last Friday evening turned out to be. Steady rain, a chilling wind and the dampest of atmospheres are not the most inviting of things to brave in light muslins and dainty footwear so it was no wonder that the last of the dances was poorly attended and that the adventurous ones from town could almost be counted on one's fingers. However, the floor was in fine condition, the music good, and the final dance of a very successful summer series will be counted among the "best yet." A few present were Mrs. Arthur Massey, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Ross Gooderham, Miss Muriel Smith, Miss Mildred Stewart, Miss Buckner, Miss Francis, Miss Olive Logan, Miss Lamont, Miss Jean McArthur, Miss Massey of New York, a bright visitor in town; Miss Milne, Miss Carter, Miss Muriel Turner, Miss Eastwood, Miss F. Coulter, Miss Cosgrave, Miss Johnston of Hamilton. A few of the men were Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Lamont, Mr. Merrick, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Allan, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Hill, Mr. Gray, Mr. Donald, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Ardagh, Mr. Ritchie, Mr. Hugh Smith, and the indefatigable and popular young president, Mr. Findlay.

Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Ruby Reynolds are spending a few weeks in Quebec at the Chateau Frontenac, on their way home from a most delightful summer spent in Prince Edward Island.

Miss Daisy Patterson, who has been staying with Mrs. William Biggar at Cap d'Aigle, has got back to town. Mr. T. C. Patterson is, I believe, expected home very shortly from the Old Country.

Mrs. Harold Lyon (nee Quigley) will hold her post-nuptial reception at her home, "The Beeches," in Beech avenue, Balm Beach, on Friday, September 26. She afterwards will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays in the month.

Major Myles and Miss Beatrice Myles of Queen's Park are home again, after having, with several others, been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hendrie on their house-boat. The party, I hear, had some splendid fishing up the French River.

Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, with their little ones, returned this week from Little Metis, where they spent the summer at the Cascade Hotel.

Mrs. Otter has returned to town from Scarborough Beach, where she spent the summer.

Mr. Harry Corby and Mrs. Corby of Belleville, with the Misses Corby, sailed last Saturday from New York for Europe. They are to be absent some months, and it is earnestly hoped that the change will be of benefit to Mr. Corby's health.

Miss Marjorie Morrison of Ottawa, who has been a much-admired visitor in town as the guest of Mrs. Reginald Northcote of Lowther avenue, returned home this week.

Miss Athol Nordheimer has returned to "Glendyeth" from Scarborough Beach, where she spent the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Whiting of Hyde Park, Mass., are expected in town the beginning of next week. They are to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne of Rosedale.

Miss Reba Fleming is in Montreal on a visit to Mrs. W. J. Common of Essex avenue.

Miss Beatrice Monteith of New York

is in town, the guest of Mrs. Brodie of Sherbourne street.

Mrs. W. G. Reilly of Ottawa, who has been spending the summer among the Thousand Islands, is visiting friends in town this week, en route for home.

Mrs. Charles Walker, who has been in Cacouna on a visit to Mrs. T. Montzambert, has returned home.

I hear that the good stork has been traveling Parkdale way, and has left a fine, bonny son at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wallace of Huxley street.

Mrs. McNeill of Nanapanee is in town, the guest of Mrs. Edward Cummings of Church street.

Quite a number of our medical men are in Montreal this week attending the annual meeting of the Canadian Medical Association. Dr. Peters, Dr. Bruce, Dr. Riordan, Dr. Charles O'Reilly, Dr. J. M. Cotton and Dr. Adam Wright are a few of those who went down on Monday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pollatt left for the West last Saturday, where he intends to spend a couple of weeks. En route Colonel Pollatt is to be the guest of Senator Kirchhoffer at his shooting lodge near Brandon, where, I am told, the game is unusually plentiful.

The president of the Victoria Lawn Tennis Club and Mrs. Alfred Jones gave a very smart At Home at the club house in Huron street yesterday afternoon, of which I hope to make further mention next week.

Mrs. Phillips and Miss Annie Moylan of Ottawa, who have been the guests of Mrs. MacMahon of Homewood avenue, returned home this week.

His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto arrived home this week from England, where he has spent the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Brimer of Gloucester street have returned from "Craig Flower," Sparrow Lake, where they spent a delightful three months.

A very pretty wedding took place in Listowel last week, when Miss Florence Godfrey, eldest daughter of Mr. William Godfrey, was married to Dr. C. Carlyle Tatham of Carleton Place. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Mr. Oliver, assisted by Rev. W. Carson, took place at four o'clock in the Methodist Church. The only bridesmaid was Miss Ruby L. Hay, and the groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Arthur E. Tatham. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, when a host of friends took the opportunity to wish the young couple the best of good wishes for their future happiness.

Mrs. Charles Langley (nee White of Woodstock) is to hold her post-nuptial reception on Friday afternoon, September 26, at 32 Bloor street west.

One of the most delightful and brilliant outdoor social functions of the year is the regular fall race meeting held by the Ontario Jockey Club at Woodbine Park. The beauty of the track and its surroundings is well known, but possibly the greatest attraction, especially to visitors, consists in the pretty girls and handsome well-dressed women for which Toronto is famous, and who always grace the race meetings with their presence. I am told the entries for the races are more numerous than ever, and the class of animals to compete higher, so that if we only have a few days of good autumn weather the coming meeting of the Jockey Club will rank with the very best of its predecessors. As usual, a number of dances and social events are on the tapis for race week.

Amongst the guests at the Hotel Welland, St. Catharines, are the following: Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Wall, Mr. Avery S. Shannon, Buffalo; Mr. A. Spelley, Hamilton; Mrs. Harold R. Gale, Brisbane; Mr. R. W. Ball, Woodstock; Mrs. J. O. Gould, Buffalo; Mrs. Leslie Bigan, Roach, Hamilton; Miss A. L. Bigan, Campbellford; Mrs. H. Fogler, Miss Fannie Fogler, Toronto; Mrs. R. M. Hume, Woodstock; Miss Bastedo, Rev. Dr. Jones, Miss Strachan, Mr. A. S. Dalley, Toronto.

Mrs. Carl A. Bastedo, formerly Miss Tovell of Hamilton, will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday and Friday afternoons, September 25 and 26, at her home, 709 Spadina avenue.

Mrs. D. Callum of Tilsonburg returned home Monday, after a very pleasant visit in the city with her friends, Mrs. Laurence and Miss Ida Tiernan.

Mrs. Richard Graham is in Ottawa, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Avery.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones left town the beginning of the week for Proulx's Neck, Me., where they intend to spend a short time. They are also to visit the White Mountains before returning.

Don voyage to Mr. Edward Stanton, who sailed on Wednesday on a visit of a couple of months to the Old Country.

Mr. Irving Cameron and Miss Evelyn Cameron are spending the week in Montreal, where Mr. Cameron is to attend the meeting of the Canadian Medical Association.

Miss McPharland of Kingston, who has been in town, the guest of Mrs. Julius Miles of Russell street, returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. W. Peterson, who have occupied their pretty cottage at Niagara-on-the-Lake during the summer, returned to town this week.

Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., sailed from New York on Wednesday for England, where he is to join Mrs. Osler and the Misses Osler in a Continental travel of a couple of months.

Dr. and Mrs. Riordan and Miss Grace McTavish are spending the week in Montreal with Dr. and Mrs. Hutchinson.

At the fall opening on Tuesday last of their millinery department, Messrs. W. A. Murray & Co. displayed styles and qualities that in every way equaled and even surpassed those of previous years—hats of every size, from the large soft

September Weddings

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5. Books must be returned in good order.
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7. Any book in stock to the value of \$1.50 retail, may be taken out.
8. It is expected that members will take out books regularly.

AS THE MEMBERSHIP IS LIMITED, APPLICATION SHOULD BE MADE AT ONCE TO

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The Gymnasium Classes at the Central Young Men's Christian Association begin this week. Now is the time to join.

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HOT AND COLD SODA WATER
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 Cor. Carlton and Church, Toronto.

felts trimmed with ostrich feathers or pleasant wings and chiffon to the chic little bonnet of ribbon and ospreys. Toques bid fair to be very fashionable this autumn, and Murray's are showing a variety that cannot help but suit the most fastidious taste. Velvet toques in gently-shaded greens and browns, dark camel's hair cloth, trimmed with ribbon and large soft feathers, and gray fur finished in mink or bear. Wings, ospreys and pompoms will be much worn, and the favorite colors seem to be bright red, green, blue and mauves. Some very pretty shades were shown, and in all the hats great taste is evident. Hats from the latest Parisian and New York models were there, and show that the styles for this season are very artistic. The combination of rather startling blues and greens does not seem to have retired with the summer months, but reappears in the new fall millinery. There was one in these shades in particular that showed the originality that is necessary for the introduction of new styles. There were muffs of velvet, with long soft streamers of silk to match the hats that would give a dressy, stylish appearance to even a very simple costume, besides being dainty and artistic pieces of work in themselves. Altogether, they showed that they were prepared to meet every demand, and were well up to date in styles, which is generally the first question in buying a hat.

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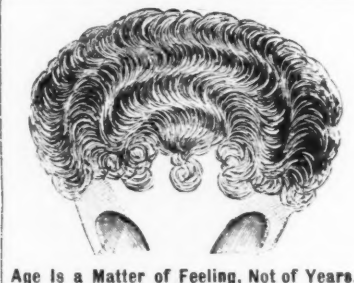
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Lowest prices for Card Plates, Crests, Monograms and Address Dies. Special attention given to Embossing and Printing Visiting Cards, Wedding Invitations, etc., from plate or type.
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Age is a Matter of Feeling, Not of Years.

A woman may feel as sprightly as can be, and yet the appearance of her hair may stamp her as of advanced age. It may be that she is satisfied to have it so in which event we have nothing to say. We would mention, however, for the benefit of ladies who do not care to look older than they really are, the important fact that the famous "Pompadour Bang" will exactly meet their most critical ideas and needs. Made upon a pretty comb, quickly and easily put on and dressed, made of the finest hair in the world, containing a natural wave and defying detection when worn, it is the ideal production in hair. It is as far ahead of other hair productions as the electric light is ahead of the candle. Please bear in mind that it will be a pleasure to us to have you call and see for yourself in private what a beautiful and exclusive assortment of hair needs and aids we carry. **PENNER, Yonge Street.**

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 should have a thorough Fall treatment. Most perfect work in the city. Superfluous Hair skillfully removed by Electrolysis. Manicuring and Chiropody. Vapor Baths. Stomatitis treated. Don't miss the opportunity. Phone—Main 3438.

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Must Bear Signature of
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Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLON SKIN.
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Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

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Turn It Upside Down
—DRINK IT ALL—
—NO DRUGS—
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The success attained in the short time this Ale has been before the public is unprecedented.
A single trial will convince.
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H. & C. BLACHFORD, 114 Yonge St.

Curious Bits of News.

The experiments made on the roads near Saint Germain and Versailles with sprinkling crude petroleum to prevent dust are highly successful, and will be largely extended to other routes near Paris, Lyons, Nice and Marseilles.

According to "La Vie Illustrée," the last surviving witness of the Battle of Waterloo is Mme. Marie Therese Dupuis, now living at Chapelle-lez-Herlaimont, near Charleroi. The old woman recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She lives with her two sons. The ages of the three of them total two hundred and forty-five years. Mme. Dupuis was the daughter of a small farmer named Roland.

The Swiss have been stirred to bitter wrath by the rapidity with which motor-cars career along their roads. Formal instructions have been given to the police that when a motorist does not slow down and submit to arrest, the next police station along his route shall be warned by telephone, and "obstacles" shall be placed in the road to arrest his progress.

In the concluding scene of a piece called "The Bandits," at the London Hippodrome, a mill is blown up with dynamite, letting loose a mighty rush of water, which falls down in a cataract the height of the stage and sweeps away a bridge just as a coach and four horses attempt to cross, carrying horses, coach and occupants into the raging torrent. It is the most marvelous piece of realism ever seen in London.

The remarkable disclosure that one of the ancient Roman statues in the museum at Vienna is found to be indisputably made from the worn-out mouthpieces of pipes and cigar-holders, will send a shock through all the cabinets (with a small c) in Europe. It is now asserted that the majority of the antique works of art of this description are the work of contemporary Greeks, who appear to have made this unsavory industry theirs.

Hallie Erminie Rives, the authoress, recently assumed editorial charge of a daily paper of Atlantic City for one issue, the receipts of the day's sales going to aid the Atlantic City Hospital. Some remarkable stories are told of her labors. She conscripted a staff of special writers, and, it is said, detailed a prominent pastor to report a ball, a musician of international reputation to do the police court, and a political boss to write an article denouncing the corrupt methods of modern elections.

Carlton F. Hodge, editor of the "Independent" of Assumption, Ill., is threatened with prosecution by a prominent official of the St. Joseph Savings Bank at South Bend, Ind., for printing the Bible in his newspaper. Editor Hodge says he proposes to continue to use a chapter of the Bible each week, despite this threat. At this rate it will take more than fifty years to complete the publication. "It is to the chapters of Genesis and Deuteronomy that the bank official objects," said Hodge. "He wrote me a letter saying there were spots and places in the Bible that were not fit to be put before the public for perusal. For my part I consider that anything that is fit to be the basis of Christianity and to be taught to children in Sunday schools, is good enough to be submitted to newspaper readers along with news items of the day."

It is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ASTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

Where Danger Lurks.

THE old man with the bronzed face, long hair and ready-made suit was explaining the matter as they walked along.
"Fact is, John," he said, "I'm lookin' for peace in my declinin' years. The wild life has been gittin' sorter hard on me, an' I want to take it easy, so I come to the city to finish up. You don't mind, do you?"
"Glad to have you, uncle," answered the young man. "The dangers of life in the woods—the constant watchfulness and all that—must become very trying

A Girl's Problem.

How to Feed Himself When Running Down.
"I am a stenographer! That statement brings up a picture of long hours of tiresome indoor confinement, close mental concentration and subsequent exhaustion and brain fog. Then comes up the food question.

A young lady in Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Some time ago I was a stenographer in a large city retail store, and, having the responsibility of the office work resting largely upon me, my health began gradually to decline, and I stood facing the difficult problem of finding relief of some kind or leaving my situation. Worry added to my trouble; I became despondent and nervous and suffered with insomnia and restlessness at night."
"I was speaking of my illness one day to a trained nurse, who recommended that I begin a systematic diet of Grape-Nuts at once, as she had seen its beneficial effect upon several of her patients who had suffered as I did.

"So I began to use the food conscientiously. It formed my entire breakfast, with perhaps Postum Coffee or some other nourishing drink, and a second dish was taken at the evening meal. In about two weeks' time I began to feel stronger and more hopeful; my digestion and appetite were better; I continued less nervous and could sleep. I continued the diet steadily, and soon courage and vitality began to revive, and once more I began to think success lay somewhere in this big world for me.

"My work grew smoother and easier, and after seven months of this diet I could do almost twice the amount of work in a day and do it easily and without feeling exhausted."
"To-day I am filling a much more responsible position, and do the work easily and satisfactorily. I attribute it all to Grape-Nuts, which I still continue to use. For a palatable and healthful diet there is nothing on the market to equal it, and the fact should become of common knowledge." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

to an old man. I suppose there comes a time, even to a man inured to it, when danger ceases to have a fascination."
"What's that that barricade fer?" demanded the old man, as the younger guided him into the street.
"Oh, that's where a boiler blew up," was the careless reply, "and, of course, it took a section of the sidewalk with it."

"Bilers under the sidewalk?" said the old man, enquiringly.
"Of course, one walks over boilers nearly everywhere in the city."

The old man looked worried.
"Better step sorter easy, hadn't we?" he asked.
"Oh, no," laughed the nephew. "It's very seldom one blows up."

"An' it's very seldom a man's chewed by a bar," returned the uncle; "but we don't feel comfortable gittin' too close to 'em."

"Careful, now, uncle," cautioned the young man. "We'll cross the street here. Look out! Jump!"

The old man barely cleared the front of a cable-car, and then went to the pavement with a bicycle. When he was rescued and brushed off he looked crest-fallen.

"You should watch out when you hear the gong ringin'," the young man explained.

"Watch out fer which gong?" asked the old man, reproachfully. "It seemed like there was a dozen goin' to once."

"Oh, all you have to do is to keep your head."

"That's all you have to do in the woods," there ain't so many ways of losin' it there, neither. Is them things runnin' all the time?"

"Yes, but there aren't many accidents."

"How many?"

"Oh, I suppose the average, including collisions and the big accidents, wouldn't amount to more than five or six victims a week."

"In the days when the Indians was rampagin' they didn't average as high as that, includin' massacres," commented the old man.

The young man passed this off with a laugh.

"We'll go up to my office, uncle," he remarked.

The old man was nervous as he stepped into the elevator.

"These here things ever drop?" he asked.

"Never when they're properly watched and guarded," was the answer.

"Same way with a wild bull," commented the old man. "There ain't never a bit of danger in him if he's properly watched an' guarded."

The young man stopped to speak to an acquaintance who had his head bandaged and his arm in a sling.

"Has the office next to mine," he explained, "and he was held up last night. Foolishly objected to being robbed, you know, and that's the result. Of course, when he showed fight they pounded him, but it's a very rare occurrence."

The old man stopped short.

"John," he said, "I come here fer rest an' peace an' quiet. I was tryin' to get away from the dang'rous an' excitin' life of the wild West."

"I quite understand, uncle."

"Well, John, if you'll just steer me back to the station you'll see an ol' man take to the woods where there ain't nothin' worse'n bars an' wildcats an' blizzards. I'm lookin' fer a nice, comfortable old age, John, where the chance of dyin' sudden ain't nothin' in ten, an' it's back to the woods fer me."

—Elliott Flower in "Cosmopolitan."

Youth and Crabbed Age.

OUR respect for age dwells in us side by side with enthusiasm for youth. Nothing gives one more of a glow than when a young man deservedly beats a man of an older generation. It is that glow which has made a familiar quotation of Pitt's famous retort to Walpole, that crushing sentence beginning, "The atrocious crime of being a young man."

A judge named Robinson was noted for his peevish, sneering manner. Hoare, the Irish lawyer, was once arguing in a case before him. The judge was unusually stern, and finally roused the young barrister by accusing him of intending to bring the King's commission into contempt.

"No, my lord," said Hoare: "I have read in a book that when a peasant, during the troubles of Charles I., found the crown in a bush, he showed it all reverence. In like manner I shall respect the King's commission, though I find it on a bramble."

Robinson was reported to have risen to his rank by the publication of some slavish and scurrilous pamphlets. Once in the days when Curran was poor and unknown, struggling against great adversity, he appeared before Robinson. The judge tried to extinguish him. When Curran declared that he had consulted all his law-books, and could not find a case that did not support his position, Robinson answered:

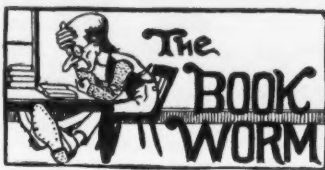
"I suspect your law library is rather contracted."

This brutal and unnecessary remark stung Curran's pride and roused him at once.

"It is true, my lord," he said, after a moment's contemptuous silence, "that I am poor, and the circumstance has curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope I have perused them well. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones."

"Maxims."

Money makes the mayor go.
A penny saved spoils the broth.
Where there's a will there's a way.
A word to the wise is a dangerous thing.
Too many cooks make cowards of us all.
A fool and his money corrupt good manners.
The course of true love is the shortest way home.
A word in the hand is worth two in the ear.
A man is known by the love-letters he keeps.
One touch of nature makes the whole world grin.
A good claim is rather to be chosen than great riches.
A guilty conscience is the mother of invention.—Carolyn Wells in "Cosmopolitan."



"HOW little is it we can know about the character of a dead man we never saw! His books, if he wrote books, will tell us something; his letters, if he wrote any and they are preserved, may perchance fling a shadow on the sheet for a moment or two; a portrait, if painted in a lucky hour, may lend the show of substance to our dim surmises; the things he did must carefully be taken into account; but as a man is much more than the mere sum of his actions, even these cannot be relied upon with great confidence." Thus muses that most accomplished and graceful writer and scrupulously just judge, Augustine Birrell, after attempting, with a plummet 220 pages long, to fathom the character of William Hazlitt, essayist and critic. The book is published in the "English Men of Letters" series by Macmillan & Co., London, and will be read with pleasure by students of the literature of the opening quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Birrell clothes his subject in easy because natural garb. It is a real man he has described, however perverse, obstreperous and at times contemptible. Biography well written is always absorbing—it brings us into touch with vital issues, and is more illuminating than the best accounts of imaginary life and character. Mr. Birrell is to be congratulated on having added to the biographical stores of English literature one more possession of great price.

Hazlitt, as dramatic, literary and art critic, had peculiar virtues and peculiar defects. As to the first, "Hazlitt brought to his task-work enthusiasm, eloquence, a considerable stock of miscellaneous reading and a liking for the play." On the other hand, "it has often been said that his liking for plays was three parts bookish. He preferred the words to the action, an eloquent passage to the most superb pantomime. He pronounced Shakespeare too great for the stage, and bluntly declares that he would never go to see a play of Shakespeare acted if he could help it. . . . This cannot be good dramatic criticism." As a miscellaneous writer and literary critic, "Hazlitt had many qualifications; he is never priggish, and seldom even for a moment dull; his fits of ill-temper and spleen are conveyed with a petulance that is never unpleasant; whilst he is always full, perhaps to overflowing, of human nature and the love of things. . . . From insipidity, the curse of the miscellaneous writer, Hazlitt is wholly delivered." He approached his task as a critic of poetry in a manly spirit of appreciation. "In both poetry and prose, Hazlitt's preferences were frankly avowed and his dislikes outspoken. He never hesitated to say as an author what he felt as a man. He belonged to no school or coterie." As to his qualities as an art critic, Mr. Birrell shows us that "Hazlitt is a good critic of pictures in much the same way as he is a good critic of books. As one who had at least tried to be a painter, he knew that much of the painter's art is mechanical; and as one who had worshipped the great masters of the art, perhaps only too fiercely, he also knew how much was incommunicable. Beyond this he took no great pains to qualify himself as a critic of the fine arts."

Hazlitt excels in describing a picture; and when, as in the case of Titian's "Peter Martyr," the original has been destroyed, a description by Hazlitt is a possession; otherwise I do not know that an eloquent, and probably in details inaccurate, description of a picture is of much service. . . . The value of Hazlitt's art criticism is that it disposes you to be fond of pictures."

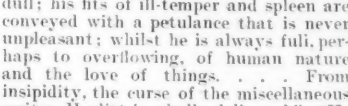
In its purely social relations, Hazlitt's character was indeed a many-sided and puzzling combination, upon which there is no space here to dwell. With his friendships—such as his fitful attachments might be called—all of them practically ending in cold estrangement or rancorous enmity; with his curious and unbecoming relations with women; with his struggles and migrations, with his delusions and aspirations, Mr. Birrell deals in a spirit of historical justice tempered with loving-kindness. On the whole, Hazlitt does not appear in retrospect to have been an unlikely fellow. "He was excellent company on the top of a stage coach or in the parlor of an old inn. He had no passion for respectability, and did not insist on genius. He was not fond of parties; and though he looked well on his way to Mr. Curran's in 'black silk smalls and blue coat and gilt buttons,' he did not willingly wear such clothes. The Bloomsbury graduate of the Montague did not impress him." And to quote Charles Lamb, who loved Hazlitt despite the latter's estrangement—

"Protesting against much that he has written and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversations. . . . or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes, I should believe my own conscience if I said less than that I think William Hazlitt to be in his natural and healthy state one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing."

The death of George Douglas Brown, the author of "The House With the Green Shutters" (Copp, Clark), cut short a literary career full of unusual promise. Mr. Brown was born in 1869, in a farming and mining country in the West of Scotland, of Scotch-Irish parents. When fifteen years old he was sent to Avy Academy—"to which," he said, "I owe everything that I am." At eighteen he went to Glasgow University, where he neglected his classics for the first two years and went into reading. In his last years at college he worked so hard that he won a scholarship of twenty thousand dollars, and went to Oxford. After graduating, he had no relatives to help him, and no money, with the exception of eighty-five dollars. He trumped to London, and started in as a man of letters. He began work as a reporter on a newspaper, and then started work on his novel, "The House With the Green Shutters," a grimly realistic tale of Scottish country life, which won the almost unanimous applause of the reviewers. It is said that when the novel first came out, no notice was taken of it. The copies sent about for review lay uncut. It was merely a new book by an unknown author, when one day it fell into the hands of Andrew Lang, who grew very enthusiastic over its merit. Not only did Mr. Lang give the book a review that started the other papers on its track, but he looked up the young author and gave him a dinner, at which the most eminent literary men of England were present. Since then he has been one of the literary personages of London, and it was reported that he was at work on a new novel, entirely different from the book which gained him fame.

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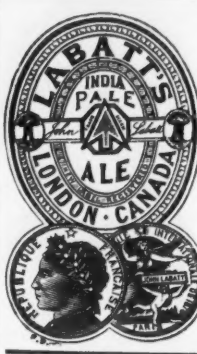
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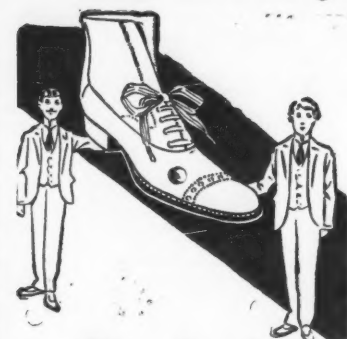
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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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A DASH of romance, though of the conventional sort, and some pretensions to historical setting, make the attraction at the Grand this week a vast improvement on its two predecessors. "A Prince of Tatters," the scene of which is laid in New York, 'way back in the early days, deals largely with the exploits of an exiled Austrian, Prince Hugo von Reppert, whose genial nobility of bearing and dashing courage enable him to triumph over all obstacles ere the drop curtain finally blots out the scene. Mr. Al. H. Wilson, known as "the golden voiced singer," is very pleasing in the role of the exiled Austrian, and his frequent lapses into song win him much applause. Mr. Wilson's support is fairly competent. Mr. Mark Price, who was with Mantell last season, is effective in the unpopular character of Lord Edward Gray, while Mr. George Riddell, as Earl Bellomont, and Mr. J. H. Montgomery as Henry Bellomont, give able presentations of their parts. The leading lady, Miss Kate Benetue, is an actress of pleasing appearance and considerable emotional power, while Miss Fanny Bloodgood, in the amusing role of Ann Clattercock, provokes much merriment. Altogether Mr. Wilson's company is equal to the requirements of "A Prince of Tatters," which is thoroughly deserving of the patronage of those seeking merely wholesome entertainment.

"The Princess Chic" made her fourth or fifth visit to Toronto this week, and her nightly receptions at the Princess Theater have been, as usual, "crushes." The popularity of the young lady in Toronto is extraordinary. She is not quite the same little girl as of yore, but very smart, bright and captivating, nevertheless. Joseph C. Miron, the capacious-lunged buffo-basso who hails from Quebec, again accompanies her and demonstrates that he is an indispensable member of her entourage. Long may Joseph continue to make us laugh.

De Wolf Hopper will appear at the Princess Theater next Monday night and succeeding week in his new play, "Mr. Pickwick." The supporting company contains Louis Payne, Louise Gunning, Digby Bell, Laura Joyce Bell, Marguerite Clark, J. K. Adams, Guy Bartlett, and Grace Fisher, and there will be a chorus of fifty voices. The opening scene of "Mr. Pickwick" takes place at the "Dingley Dell Arms" at the time Mr. Pickwick, Samuel Weller, Old Tony Weller, and the various members of the Pickwick Club arrive at the beginning of their tour for the purpose of investigating the world's troubles. It is here that they meet Alfred Jingle, who is on the point of eloping with Miss Wardle. Jingle insinuates himself into Mr. Pickwick's good graces and succeeds in hoodwinking him and everybody else so completely that the entire odium of the elopement is thrown on Pickwick's shoulders. Other scenes in the play include the visit of the members of the Pickwick Club, including Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, to Miss Tompkins' seminary with the idea of investigating the purposes of women as evidenced by school girls, with the result that the club falls in love with half of the girls. Sam Weller, with the help of his father, frustrates Jingle's schemes, and just as they succeed, Mrs. Bardell, her nieces and lawyer, arrive from



DE WOLF HOPPER.

London, much to Pickwick's consternation. How the Pickwickians emerged from their troubles; how they accept Squire Wardle's hospitality—shooting, fishing and driving—how the fat boy is the cause of the champagne lunch being stolen by the school girls and Polly, the maid of the "Dingley Dell Arms"—how Winkle falls in love with Arabella and Jingle carries off Mrs. Bardell, and Pickwick is taken home in the hay wagon, must be seen to be appreciated. "Mr. Pickwick" was dramatized by Charles Klein, the author of many successful plays. Manuel Klein is

the composer of the music, which is said to be particularly bright and tuneful. The lyrics are by Grant Stewart, who is exceedingly clever at this kind of work, and who is a member of the supporting company playing the part of Alfred Jingle. Digby Bell will appear in the character of Sam Weller. "Mr. Pickwick" has been staged under the personal direction of George F. Marion, who is recognized in the dramatic world as one of the best stage managers of the present day.

Mr. E. S. Willard, who was to have sailed on the "Kron Prinz Wilhelm" on Wednesday, September 10th, found himself compelled to remain in England a day or two longer and sailed on the "Lucania" on the 13th instant for New York. He will proceed direct to Montreal, where his tour commences, and where his company are already assembled for rehearsals. Miss Maude Fealy is his leading lady for this season, and, as usual, his company is composed half of English and half of American actors.

Mr. E. S. Williamson will present "An Evening With Dickens" at the Conservatory Music Hall next month. This lecture scored a decided success a year ago, and lovers of the immortal Boz will be glad to learn that it is to be repeated at an early date.

Impersonation of dual characters is not an easy matter, but when the roles are as marked in their contrast as those of the dashing Rassendyll and the dissipated King in Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau," the actor finds an especially difficult task. This difficulty of characterization is added to by the almost impossible physical requirements of the action of the play, which demand changes from one character to the other within a space of time averaging only a few seconds in duration. In his assumption of this ex-



HARRY LEIGHTON.

traordinary dual role Mr. Harry Leighton surmounts all these obstacles in a way which has added immensely to his reputation; he is said to give a delineation of the two personages as marked in contrast and as effective in portrayal as the dramatist could have desired. The changes of costume and make-up are made in intervals of time ranging from fifteen seconds to four minutes. The production of "Rupert of Hentzau," to be seen at the Grand Opera House next week, has the stage setting and costuming of the original New York production.

Shea's contribution to this week's attractions is fully up to the average, but not nearly as strong a bill as that presented last week. Eugene O'Rourke's new sketch, "Parlor A," is a very neat little affair, and well acted, even to the pearly-toothed, colored bell-boy. Miss Elting most ably assists Mr. O'Rourke's original comedy work; she has a charming presence and handles a difficult part well. Scott and Wilson give an enjoyable fifteen minutes' entertainment and introduce many new and clever acrobatic feats. McCabe, Sabine and Vera's skit, "The Arrival of Kitty McCarthy," is a combination of Irish horse play and toe dancing. If there is ability in this trio they must change their act in order to show it. Probably the longest and finest moving picture ever witnessed in Toronto is that shown by the kinetograph this week of Captain Graham's great feat of swimming the Niagara Rapids on August 30th last. The picture was taken from a Gorge Route car, and conveys a perfect reproduction of the event. As a black-face comedian Raymond Teal falls considerably short of the mark; he has an irritating warble in a somewhat shaky tenor which is out of tune. His song, "I Want to Go Home," has been rendered by him on each of his previous visits here, and has a tendency to make the audience feel as if they "want to go home" also. "A Strange Boy," by Howard and Bland, is a clever sketch, but we don't want to see it here any more. A continuous repetition of even the best act not only places the artist behind the times, but tends to make the theater-going public thoroughly disgusted with the vaudeville business in general. When a team hangs on to the same skit for two and a half seasons one is led to imagine that it is the one and only thing of which they are capable; or, on the other hand, that they don't give a continental as long as the ghost walks. Mr. Howard's piano playing is always appreciated. The Three Sisters Macarrie are a clever trio and their work is original. Lew Bloom takes the cake this week without much effort; his turn is always too short for Toronto audiences, and his reappearance (providing he changes his stuff) will ever be an appreciated event. This week's concluding act, "A Fairy Serenade," is a rather a pretty creation. Miss Florence's soprano selections were rendered in a capable manner, and Mr. O. T. Holden, the tenor, was evidently much liked. There is nothing in the act apart from the singing and a little pantomimic scenery, but the general effect was light and pretty.

The Yo cats, comedy acrobats, will head the bill at Shea's Theater next week. They undoubtedly have one of the best acts of its kind. Dressed in street costume, they go through their antics with apparent ease, doing tumbling while wearing heavy overcoats, for example. "Ticks and Clicks" is the name of a new act that O'Brien and Havel will present. For several years this couple have offered a sketch entitled "The News-Boy and the Subrette." Their new skit, written for them by Will M. Cressy, is said to be far better. Hal Merritt, cartoonist and monologist, will do something new, entitled "The Poster Girl." Will Swan and Frank Bambard, who are new to Toronto, will offer a comedy act that is eccentric, grotesque, and acrobatic. Howard Bros., banjoists; Nora Bayes, contralto, and the kinetograph will complete the bill. The feature of the pictures will be a series of photos of the yacht "Arrow," owned by Charles R. Flint of New York, which travels at a rate of more than forty-miles an hour. The pictures were taken while the "Arrow" was making a speed test, on the Hudson, where she ran a knot in one minute and thirty-two seconds, or a rate of more than thirty-nine knots an hour, exceeding the world's record by two miles an hour. There will also be another Coronation picture showing the King near the Canadian arch.

The advent in high-grade vaudeville of Kathryn Osterman was an event and productive of quick and brilliant results. She brought to that branch of the profession a magnetic and delightful personality, a grace and charm peculiarly her own, and histrionic talents that rapidly found the highest appreciation and most substantial reward. As an attraction she is unexcelled in the judgment of managers, and she is so en rapport with an audience that in her cleverly written one-act comedy, "The Editor," she never



A GOOD LARK.

Amateur photo of two little girls of Mr. H. F. Strickland, Kew Beach, aged six and eight years respectively.

fails to win the most vociferous recognition. Miss Osterman is booked for an early engagement at Shea's.

NOBODY WILL SAY "Sir Astley's Wife" is not a charming story. Page 4.

Outdoor Sports.

THE showing of the Canadian cricketers in the international match at Philadelphia last week was not of the most satisfactory nature. The Statesmen won by 104 runs with an innings to spare. This game was the twenty-ninth annual contest between the representatives of the two countries, and of these the United States has won no less than nineteen. Eight games have gone to Canada, with two draws. With unlimited material to draw from, a Canadian eleven should be forthcoming that could check the rather monotonous series of victories for the United States players, which series has now been running since 1897.

The recent tour of the McGill College eleven, which was brought to a close by their game with the Toronto Club on "Varsity lawn" last Saturday, was pretty evenly balanced as far as wins and losses were concerned. The visitors were beaten successively by a combined Church League team, the Rosedale and the Toronto Clubs, while they won from St. Alban's and an all-Toronto team. In the game with Toronto last Saturday the McGill men did some exceptionally strong bowling, while in batting Harnsworth and Philpot both hit freely, scoring 51 and 26 respectively. For Toronto, Gillespie batted in good form, scoring 37, while Saunders notched 23.

The St. Cyprian's and Dovercourt clubs met on the former's grounds, the home team winning by 87 runs and seven wickets.

It is said that the largest crowd that has attended a lacrosse match in Ottawa in many years was that which witnessed last Saturday's championship game between the Capitals and Shamrocks. The Shamrocks, by their showing in the N.A.L.U. series throughout the season, have clearly proven themselves to be the fastest team in the league, and their defeat of the Capitals in Ottawa is but a further proof that the pennant is theirs by right. Although Cornwall is said to have had no trouble in beating Montreal on the latter's grounds, the Factory Town twelve can hardly hope to do much with the Shamrocks when their draw game is decided in Montreal. The Irishmen's victory closes a season of unusually fast lacrosse.

The big event in the Toronto Tennis Club's tournament on the Bathurst street courts was the men's championship singles. The finals in this event narrowed down to a contest between Mr. D. M. Stewart of Barrie and Mr. Ralph Burns. The game was played on Saturday last, and was one of the longest and hardest in the history of the contests for the trophy. Of the five sets, Burns won the first two and Stewart the last three. The challenge game between Mr. Stewart and Mr. E. R. Patterson, holder of the championship, developed some brilliant play, the former finally winning the trophy and the championship of Ontario. By his successive defeats of McMaster, Glasco, Burns and Patterson, Stewart has certainly earned the title of champion.

The games of the American Amateur Athletic Union at Travers Island last Saturday gave abundant proof of the pre-eminence of Canadians in all branches of athletics. No fewer than five firsts were captured by Canadians. E. Desmarieau, the Montreal policeman who competed at the police games on the Island recently, won the two 56-pound weight events. George R. Gray of Orillia the 16-pound shot, and Alex. Grant of St. Mary's the one and five-mile run. The record of George R. Gray is worthy of especial note. For the past eighteen years he has confined his attention to his specialty—putting the 16-pound shot, and in this he has never been beaten. After a retirement from athletics of some years his showing at New York last Saturday in competition with the big men of the New York Athletic Club proves that he is still the greatest shot-putter in the business.

In the monthly medal competition of the Rosedale Golf Club, Mr. George S. Lyon was first with Mr. L. M. Manchee second.

The annual championships of the Royal Canadian Golf Association are to be held on the Dixie links, Montreal, on the 24th instant. The programme will include the amateur championship of Canada, as well as an inter-provincial—Ontario vs. Quebec—game.

WHOLESALE FICTION FOR THE FAMILY.—"Sir Astley's Wife." Page 4.

The Unspeakable Scot.

OVER here we are not likely to be stirred very much one way or other over the publication of Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's "The Unspeakable Scot." We can enjoy something of the sensation that it seems to be making from Land's End to John O'Groats; read it dispassionately, and lay it aside with the conviction that it is an entertaining, but not a tremendously important book. The spectacle of an author starting out to bludgeon a nation is always an amusing one, and when the bludgeoning is vigorously done, and the nation not our own, we can sit back calm and thoroughly satisfied. There is no dilly-dallying in Mr. Crosland's method, and no doubt whatever about his meaning. He doesn't like Scotchmen, and he doesn't express his opinion in hint or insinuation. From first to last he wants you to understand and is ready to prove to you, to his own satisfaction at least, that a Scotchman is the most loathsome Yahoo that ever blotted the earth's surface; and that no man was ever born north of the Tweed who was

not an arrant knave and unctuous hypocrite. This is where he starts, and it must be said that he develops his book with considerable skill. In fact, one might be very much impressed by some of his arguments, if one believed him to be entirely serious and sincere, which we do not. Somehow the rage in his book does not have the real ring. The "Bookman" declares it would not be surprised to learn that he himself had some very strong Scotch affiliations, and that he had written this book merely in a spirit of humor and with an eye to the market. In view of this we call attention to the fact that in the beginning of his book he alludes to the old story about a surgical operation being necessary to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. He omits, however, the time-honored retort which was that this would be quite true if it happened to be an English joke.

The very first chapter is called "The Superstition," and in it the author goes to the root of the matter with no uncertain hand. Of the Scotchman he says:

"He is the one species of the human animal that is taken by all the world to be fifty per cent. cleverer and pluckier and honest than the facts warrant. He is the daw with the peacock's tail of his own painting. He is the ass who has been at pains to cultivate the convincing roar of a lion. He is the fine gentleman whose father toils with a muck-fork. And, to have done with the parable, he is the bandy-legged lout from Tulliedulescleugh who, after a childhood of intimacy with the cesspool and the crab-louse and twelve months at 'the college,' on moneys wrung from the diet of his family, drops his threadbare kilt and comes South in a slop-suit to instruct the English in the arts of civilization and the English language; and, because he is Scotch and the Scotch superstition is heavy on our Southern lands, England will forthwith give him a chance, for an English chance is his birthright."

Naturally, Mr. Crosland has a great deal to say about the Scot in journalism and literature. The best way to study the Scot at home, he satirically suggests, is to consult the works of those eminent Scottish writers, Dr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Ian Maclaren, and the two Scotch parishes named respectively Thrums and Drumtochty. "Both, one gathers, are the prettiest, most charitable and most God-fearing communities to be found upon this globe of sinful continents. Butter will not melt and ginger is not hot in the mouth either at Thrums or Drumtochty." For blithering sentiment of the cheapest and most obvious sort, Mr. Crosland thinks that the personages of these stories have never been equalled. "In the beautiful communities conceived by Doctors Barrie and Maclaren," he says, "the milk of human nature flows like a river; everybody lives, not for his or for her foolish self, but for somebody else; all bachelors are faithful to the sweethearts of their youth 'for forty years and more'; all the women make the best butter in Galloway; all the girls are pretty and angelic of temperament, and, in short, Thrums and Drumtochty are two little bits of heaven dropped on to the map of Scotland."

The liveliest and most interesting chapter in the whole book, however, is that in which Mr. Crosland deals with what he terms "the Burns myth." Here his onslaught is so splendidly vigorous and smashing that we forget for the moment that his belittling of the poet is done by ridiculously unfair quotations. "After illicit love and flaring drunkenness, nothing appeals so much to Scotch sentiment as having been born in the gutter." The real reason, then, why Burns became and continues to be a sort of patron saint to the peoples north of the Tweed is that he was a ploughman, an erotic writer, and a condoner of popular vices. Whiskey and women are the subjects which furnish forth the majority of his flights. As to Burns the man, Mr. Crosland thinks that a more profligate person has seldom figured on the slopes of Parnassus. In love he was as carnal as he was false. He was never, as he has been called, a king of men. He was simply an incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism. "Burns, every Scotchman tells you, and tells you truly, has played no small part in moulding the sentiments and tendencies of the Scotch people as we know them. It was he who gave them their first notion of bumptious independence; it was he who taught them that 'a man's a man for a' that'—which, on the whole, is a monstrous fallacy; it was he who averred that whiskey and freedom gang together; and it was he who gave the countenance of song to shameful and squalid sexuality."

In a great number of Burns' love songs the suggestion is of the lowest. One could take a selection of these songs, print them in a little book, have them sold in the streets of London at a penny, and be prosecuted at Bow Street for one's trouble. The man's mind was not clean; he made the Muse an instrument for the promulgation of skulduggery (I will not vouch for the orthography, but every Scotchman knows what I mean); he degraded and prostituted his intellect, and earned thereby the love and worship of a people whose distinguishing trait is fundamental lewdness."

A STORY EVERYONE WILL LIKE is "Sir Astley's Wife." New running on page 4.

Chesterfield Sandbag to His Son.

MY Dear Boy,—Practice the graces of life if you seek success; virtue is its own reward, and presents no dazzling incentive. Temperance and frugality are the handmaidens of thrift. Be temperate in language and frugal in words; so will you earn a reputation for shrewdness, which is better, commercially, than wisdom. Temperance is more than the temperate use of water; but do not scorn water, which has been honored in all ages. Remember water is the basis of modern wealth. A thoroughly irrigated enterprise produces great wealth for the irrigators; nor can the submerged investors be unhappy altogether, since water is the natural element of the condensing sucker. Lack of appreciation of the fertilizing possibilities of water has made countless thousands mourn.

How many noble, ambitious, industrious souls are now in seclusion who failed to realize that water was a more effective aid to wealth than the jimmy and a yard of lead pipe? Had the energy, zeal and initiative of the late Mr. Tracy of Washington been applied to hydraulics rather than pyrotechnics, he might now be adorning the directory of many of our most aqueous trusts. Ignorant of aquatics, he ended a dead duck; and a dead duck, my boy, has no standing outside of a Bohemian table d'hôte.

Frugality! Precious treasure of Jerusalem and Drumtochty. Be frugal in all things—occasionally. Be frugal in lending, but lavish in explanation. Be liberal in endorsing policies and opinions, but frugal in endorsing paper.

Truth is rare and precious; do not squander it in financial circles; to do so argues lack of conservatism. Be neither extravagant in its use, nor untimely in its employment. Speak fearlessly of the incarcerated enemy of society; be modestly reticent of the successful irrigator. Remember that Truth loves water since it has resided so long in the bottom of a well.

Generosity is a lovely grace and shines resplendent united with holy friendship. Select the objects of your generosity with care and discretion; a man is known by his friends. Poor as I am, my boy, I would never hesitate to endorse the paper of my friends, Morgan and Gates, Carnegie and Rockefeller, if only to show a carping world how I love and trust them; yet have I ever restrained myself from asking their endorsement, as I never embarrass my friends—that way.

Let who will, my son, practice the virtues; the graces have a value on the Street.—Joseph Smith in "Life."

Boys as Money-Makers.

A favorite plan for boys who wish to make a start in a business way is to secure the agency of Toronto "Saturday Night." It is read by the well-informed and well-to-do. There are some small towns where special agents are wanted. Those interested should write to the Circulation Department, Toronto "Saturday Night," for full particulars. A good start will be given.

Marking Toronto's Historic Sites

**Old Buildings That Link
the Present With the Past**

TORONTO has many buildings within its limits around which cluster stirring memories of the early days of Canadian life, while many of the sites now occupied by modern structures, with no pretensions to any historic significance, have histories which are closely interwoven with life in the pioneer days of the province. That these buildings and sites should be commemorated in some way is highly desirable, and in this connection the work of the Canadian Club, through a committee of which Mr. Frank Yeigh is the efficient chairman, has been highly commended. In prosecuting work of this kind the committee has, of course, many obstacles to overcome, and it is sometimes no easy task to induce those in possession of historic sites and who are putting up buildings for purely commercial purposes to make provision for tablets marking the locality's particular interest. So far, however, considerable progress has been made, and though the work has languished somewhat of late, a revival of interest in it promises to result in almost every property of historic memory bearing some sort of inscription.

The Old Fort, perhaps the most interesting of the ancient landmarks of Toronto, and which played such an important part in the war of 1812, has been marked with tablets at both its eastern and western entrances. The inscription on these reads:

"The Old Fort,
Established by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe at the mouth of Garrison Creek in 1796 for the Queen's Rangers; garrisoned by British troops during the war of 1812-14, and at different times until 1871. Captured by American troops April 27th, 1813, during the attack of York; evacuated May 1, 1813."

On the ground, part of which is now occupied by the office of the Consumers' Gas Company in Front street east, near Parliament, the first Legislative buildings of the Province of Upper Canada stood; consequently a tablet has been placed on the office of the Gas Company, bearing the following inscription:

"This tablet marks the north-east corner of the first Legislative Buildings of the Province of Upper Canada, completed in 1797, under Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, burned by the American troops at the capture of York, April 27th, 1813."

Here also stood the second Legislative Buildings, 1818-24, and the third Toronto jail, 1840-60. (Erected by the Canadian Club, 1899.)

The old Parliament Buildings in Front street west are marked by a tablet with the inscription:

"Third Provincial Legislative Buildings,
Erected 1825-33. Occupied by the Legislature of Upper Canada, 1834-41; the United Parliament of Canada, 1849-51, and 1856-59, and the Legislature of Ontario, 1867-92. (Erected by the Canadian Club, 1899.)"

The grassy enclosure in Portland street opposite Wellington, known as St. John's Square—more properly Victoria Square—was long used as a garrison burial ground, and in it was interred one of the children of Governor John Graves Simcoe so far back as the year 1794. On the western side of the enclosure, where many ancient grave-stones still stand, is inscribed:

"St. John's Square,
The first military burial ground in Toronto. Set apart in 1794 by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, and used for sixty years. (Erected by the Canadian Club, 1899.)"

The early official residence of the renowned Bishop Strachan, first Anglican Bishop of Toronto, erected by him as a private residence, stood on the ground opposite the present Union Station building. Until recently the remains of this famous old structure bore a tablet inscribed

"The residence of John Strachan, first Anglican Bishop of Toronto; erected in 1818 and occupied by him until his death, November 1st, 1867."

The militia gathered in these grounds on December 7th, 1837, and marched to Montgomery's Farm, on Yonge street.

"(Erected by the Canadian Club, 1899.)"

Even the ground whereon now stands so purely commercial and prosaic an edifice as the Toronto Railway Company's building, is historic. Back in the early days the land on the north-west corner of Church and King streets was known as Court House Square, and a marble block on the eastern side of the Railway Company's building is inscribed:

"Within the area of this block formerly known as Court House Square stood the second Toronto court house and jail, 1824-1840."

It's a far cry from these days of scores of school buildings and myriads of school children to the city's beginning in educational work, and yet Toronto's first school building has been located and commemorated as follows:

"On this site stood the Home District School, the first building used for school purposes in Toronto, 1807 to 1813. (Erected by the Canadian Club, 1900.)"

Such is the inscription affixed to the building at 191 & 2 King street east.

Perhaps the oldest brick structure in the city was that which until a few months ago stood at the north-east corner of King and Frederick streets. It was better known as the office of the Canada Company, but had been built as a private residence by a French Royalist officer named St. George in 1807. Previous to its being removed to give place to a large commercial building which now occupies the site, the old building was decorated with a tablet which read:

"The Canada Company Building.
Built in 1807. One of the earliest brick edifices erected in Toronto. Occupied from 1853 to 1895 as the chief office of the Canada Company in this province. (Erected by the Canadian Club, 1900.)"

To undertake to designate in a city like Toronto all places of historic interest is no mean task, and although much has been done, much remains to be done. Among the many buildings and sites which call for memorial tablets may be mentioned: The site of Castle Frank in Rosedale, built as Governor Simcoe's residence in 1794, and which was called after a young son of the Governor who was afterwards killed at the battle of Badajoz in 1812; Beverley House, at the north-east corner of John and Richmond streets, long the residence of Chief Justice John Beverley Robinson and a temporary home of Lord Sydenham; The Grange, built in 1820 by D'Arcy Boulton, famous as the residence of Justice Boulton and as the scene of lavish hospitality extended to distinguished guests, including Lord Elgin, and no less famed as the present day residence of Professor Goldwin Smith; the old Doel building at the north-west corner of Bay and Adelaide streets, built in 1827 and the scene of many of the stormy meetings which culminated in the Rebellion of 1837; the site of the McIntosh house in Yonge street near Shuter, where William Lyon Mackenzie was mobbed on his return from exile. The first Methodist Church in Toronto, built in 1818, stood where the head office of the Bank of Commerce now stands, and later this was the site of Toronto's first theater, the Theater Royal. Within the area now occupied by the Public Library building stood the first Grammar School, built in 1813, and presided over for a time by Rev. John Strachan. The first General Hospital occupied part of the ground where the Arlington Hotel now stands, while the first Bank of Upper Canada was opened in 1822 in the old building on the south-east corner of King and Frederick streets. These and many other places have yet to be marked before Toronto's visitors, and even her residents, will be fully apprised of what a history the city really has.

QUIRT.

Is it a Popular Fallacy?

"O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light!"

THE words rang out through the open windows of a fashionable city church. Outside the soft sunlight glimmered through the haze of a September morning's sky. Leaves yellow and red were drifting from oak and maple through the tranquil, unresisting air to the green turf of boulevard and lawn.

Strollers passed along to a near-by park; mostly men they were—some with boon companions, others alone, a few pushing baby carriages or leading little children. The white gleam of a petticoat here and there in the crowd caught the eye. But they were not many. Probably some of the women folk as had not got off to church were yet indoors washing up late breakfast dishes or getting Sunday finery on their own or their children's backs against the afternoon's arrangements for pleasure-making.

"Did you hear those words?" asked one of the strollers of his companion as they passed the church where Wordsworth's old-fashioned hymn was being sung by the somewhat sparse congregation.

"Yes; what of them?" answered the other.

"Nothing much," was the reply, "only I have a theory that they state a popular fallacy. Sunday to the vast majority is neither a day of rest and gladness nor of joy and light."

"How do you make that out?"

"From personal experience and observation. Honestly, I can't say that I ever have a thoroughly happy, contented and satisfactory Sunday. Generally it turns out to be rather a bore. When bedtime comes there is invariably a feeling almost of relief that it is over once again—a spiritual stretching out for the humdrum tasks and occupations of the week-days."

"Perhaps you don't spend the day of rest as it should be spent," remarked the friend.

"Granted; and yet I spend it as profitably as perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the population of an average city like Toronto. As a rule I go to church once, take a stroll, read a novel or the newspapers, lounge a good deal, sleep some, smoke more than I ought to, and put away three meals as per usual."

"That's what plays the deuce with you," said the other, who was a medical student. "You fill yourself with rich food, absorb more nicotine than you are accustomed to, take little and very leisurely exercise, and yet wonder when night comes why your nerves are jangling like telegraph wires in a gale of wind."

"Precisely so," assented the man with a theory, "but the point I make is that thousands and tens of thousands of others do as I do. So my statement that Sunday is not generally a day of satisfactory experiences holds good. People may try to imagine they enjoy Sunday; may argue that one day of rest and change in seven is an economic necessity; may try to deceive themselves and others with the cant about the sanctity of the institution. In their heart of hearts they know, if they have enough candor even to raise the question, that Sunday is not a happy day, nor a restful day, and that they would probably be better in a great many ways without it. I don't wish to seem irreverent, but Sunday in this age is not a holy day, and not even a beneficial economic expedient. For the majority—not for all, mind you—it is just a bad habit of weekly recurrence, a pernicious survival from an obsolete state of civilization—an occasion of discontent, uncharity, injurious idling and physical dissipation. On a vote the majority would declare so, if they expressed their real convictions, uninfluenced by the conventional and historical attitude towards the day. Yes, sir, there's no doubt of it, the so-called 'day of rest and gladness' is a delusion."

"Good heavens, man!" said the doctor, "you are talking the wildest heresy. Do you imagine for one instant that the toilers of this or any other civilized land would surrender their Sabbath holiday? And if so, would it be wise to introduce into Canada the Chinese calendar, with no Sundays or other rest days, but only three established holidays in the year?"

"No, sir, I never would surrender it," the other admitted. "They will go on as now, pretending they enjoy it and derive strength from it. The only point I make is that the majority of people are less fitted physically, mentally, and often morally, for their Monday tasks than they were for those of Saturday. It may be heresy, but like the Copernican theory, it's a fact beyond dispute."

LANCE.

"SIR ASTLEY'S WIFE"—a captivating serial—on page 4.

In Topsy-turvydom.

A BACHELOR manages to secure much amusement out of a "topsy-turvy room," which he has had built in his house. A gentleman, who was one of a stag party that visited him from Saturday to Monday, says: "When we woke up, about two o'clock, on Sunday morning after a jolly evening, one of our number, sound asleep on the couch in the billiard-room, was carried out like a log by a couple of servants. My host gave me a solemn wink, and told me that if a sudden summons came I was to rush from my bed-room, or else I might miss a sight worth seeing. I wanted nothing but sleep—and was relieved when the summons came to find that it was broad daylight. Yawning, I followed the valet, and found myself, with four others, silently peeping through little holes in a wall. The scene was absurd, ridiculous. A dazed man, slowly waking to full consciousness, was lying on a plastered floor, looking up in horror at a carpeted ceiling. Two heavy couches, an easy-chair, chairs and tables, securely fastened, stared down at him from above. The man's eyes at last rested on a flower-pot directly over his head, from which a flaring rose—apparently real—was blooming. He gave a cry, and, rolling over, grasped with frenzied hands the stem of the chandelier

which came up through the floor. The host burst into the room with a loud laugh. "They all do it," he cried, "they fear they will fall up to the ceiling."

Automobiles Sixty Years Ago.

A FRENCH writer on the automobile, Gerard Lavergne, after a careful study of the history of the case, has come to the conclusion that the automobile was driven off the highway sixty-six years ago by the hostility of the railroads. But for this, he thinks, the motor wagon would have been in practical use long ago. He points out that certain accidents which happened to the first road wagons gave the railroad in England, where the steam wagon had made its most propitious start, a chance to persecute, and the opportunity was not neglected. By the Locomotive Act of 1836, passed by a House under the control of the railways, after a fashion not unfamiliar in Connecticut, restrictions were made which effectually prohibited the new mode of conveyance. Where the toll was \$1.25 for a coach, it was \$12 for the steam carriage. What proved an even more complete bar was the requirement that a man should walk ahead of the automobile, waving a red flag, a requirement not repealed until 1896. Of course the first vehicles were crude affairs, but it is likely that if they had been given a chance the result would have been a lively impetus to the building of compact engines and a notable improvement of the public highways.

Smaller Men, Larger Women.

The male spider is a dwarf, the female is a giant. It is the female which invites the fly to walk into her parlor. A Chicago anthropologist has recently been prophesying that the human race will soon resemble the arachnidae, for the women are growing larger and the men smaller. What will the poor men do if his prophecy should come true? They find it hard enough even now to get their rights, so few are left after the women have got what they want.



The youthful fisherman here depicted is Hall Telfer, the seven-year-old son of Mr. J. H. Telfer, weighing inspector of the Grand Trunk Railway. The fish, a black bass, weighs 4 pounds 4 ounces, and was caught and landed by the boy.

The Puffolo's Trip.

A Puffolo made him a boat of a pillow
And went out to sail on the bounding bellow;
His sail was a sheet
Exceedingly neat,
And his mast was a withering, wavering willow.
The Puffolo sailed till the ocean grew bubbly,
And the sea was becoming quite hilly and lubbly;
The waves rolling high,
Would make anyone cry—
And the Puffolo looked very timid and trouby.
Till he saw coming toward him a whale who was draggin'
A very magnificent red and green wagon;
The whale was quite fat,
And wore a straw hat,
And in his left fin he was holding a flagon.

"Hello!" said the whale, with a jocular chirrup.
"To your rescue I'll fly in the shake of a stirrup.
On condition, dear sir,
That this boon you'll confer:
Pray, fill this small flagon with kerosene syrup."
The Puffolo turned very pale and then paler;
And his boat seemed to grow rather smaller and frailer.
He never had heard
Of the syrup preferred,
And things looked quite dark for the poor little sailor.
But he said, "Would you just as soon have, my dear whaley,
Petroleum treacle? I lunch on it daily."
The whale said, "Why, yes,
I'd like it, I guess."
So the Puffolo rode home serenely and gaily.
—CAROLYN WELLS.

FLORENCE WARDEN'S new novel now running. Page 4.



A Taste for Fresh Milk, or, Who Will Get the Next Turn at the Mayoralty Cow?



Enemies or Allies?

"O," said I, "you're the fellows who've been fighting each other in the anthracite region—organized capital, alias the Trusts, and organized labor, alias the Unions. 'Pears to me you look more like allies than enemies. You think you've locked horns; in reality you have linked arms. While you dispute about the division of profits, your united efforts are ushering in the reign of public ownership, when neither of you will be the biggest boulder on the beach, but mines and railways and public utilities generally will be operated not for the benefit of either capital or labor, but in the interests of the consumer. What have either of you cared for the general public in this matter of the coal strike? General public be damned, has been your attitude. You have about as much consideration for the poor man's pocket as Dick Turpin or Robin Hood had for the financial feelings of their victims. Here we are at the threshold of winter; with houses to be heated, meals to be cooked, the weak and the old to be coddled and nursed through till another spring, children to be kept warm, and a thousand other works of necessity to be performed, which cannot be done without fuel. And a whole continent, with ninety millions of people shivering at the first blast of Boreas, can burn snowballs or icicles for all either of you care. Do you think it is right? Do you think it is decent? Do you think the public will sit up for their medicine? I tell you, gentlemen, you could not have joined forces more successfully to dispose yourselves from the seat of industrial power on this continent. You have dug your own graves. The people have determined on a funeral, and the corpse will be provided all right—not only one corpse, but two of them!"

ASTERISK.

The Passion For Detail.

THE author of "An Onlooker's Note-Book" calls attention to the fact that what is known as "personal journalism" is by no means a recent development. He quotes this paragraph on the Duke of Wellington from the London "Examiner," which traversed the prevailing passion for minute details with regard to the private life of distinguished individuals at the beginning of the nineteenth century: "The duke generally rises at about eight. Before he gets out of bed, he commonly pulls off his nightcap; and while he is dressing, he sometimes whistles a tune and occasionally damns his valet. The duke uses warm water in shaving, and lays on a greater quantity of lather than ordinary men. While shaving, he chiefly breathes through his nose, with a view, as is conceived, of keeping the suds out of his mouth. The duke drinks tea for breakfast, which he sweetens with white sugar and corrects with cream. He eats toast and butter, cold ham, beef or eggs; the eggs are generally those of the common domestic fowl. At eleven o'clock, if the weather is fine, the duke's horse is brought to the door. The duke's horse on these occasions is always saddled and bridled. The duke's daily manner of mounting his horse is the same that it was on the morning of the glorious battle of Waterloo."

A Modern Count of Monte Cristo.

ACCORDING to William E. Curtis, the well-known newspaper correspondent, Charles M. Schwab is a typical example of the newly rich who seeks newspaper notoriety through vulgar display. He says: "Of the humblest origin, without education other than that acquired outside of schools, or the polish that comes from contact with men of culture, Mr. Schwab has more vigor than refinement. He fills every room he enters; he 'likes to hear himself talk,' as they say; he is fond of reading his name in the newspapers; is almost as reckless in his extravagance as John W. Gates; slings his money around as if he were not aware of its value, and never counts the change; he loves display and seldom fails to let his left hand know all about the transactions of his right. He is temperate in his habits, and free from what are called 'fashionable vices,' but both in Europe and in America he has cut what is usually termed 'a wide swath,' and has not only got there with both feet, but has boasted of it far and near. At Monte Carlo he made the oldest gamblers shiver at the recklessness of his play; in Paris he astonished the most blasé observer of the antics of American millionaires, and is said to be the model for the leading character in the opera 'Florodora.' At Vienna he gave the most expensive dinner ever served at that extravagant capital. The newspapers of every European city were filled with accounts of his doings and sayings, and they sounded familiar to those who have read the story of Monte Cristo. Upon his return to the United States his notoriety was sustained by frequent publications about his luxurious apartments; his sumptuous banquets; his palatial private car; his elaborate preparation for affairs which most men would prefer unnoticed; and for his sensational plunging into all forms of display and extravagance. It was only a few weeks ago that the newspapers were filled with illustrated descriptions of the magnificent palace he has planned to build on Riverside Drive, New York, which is intended to surpass all private residences in the world. His life has been a moving picture, always on exhibition, and full of sensational interest."

A Joker's Work.

The housekeeper had bought some tins of tea that came in pound cans. Going into the pantry one day she discovered the maid opening a tin with what she thought was undue nearness to the time of opening the former. Expecting that surely all that tea hadn't been used so soon, the maid tossed her head. "There's no pound in those tins, ma'am; they say so themselves." And pointing to the mark on the label, "One lb. net," she went on triumphantly, "Look, ma'am; you see yourself it says one pound, nit. 'Tw s a j-k-r that put that up!"

All He Asked.

Mike—Are yez drownin'. Pat? Pat—Oi am. Jump in an' pull me out. Mike—Oi can't shwim. Pat—Thin jump in an' let me shand on yez, ye fule!

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and arrive in New York at 10 p.m. same day and 7.50 a.m. next day respectively. This is by C.P.R. and New York Central. Sleeping car to New York and dining car to Buffalo on the evening train.

Cheap Excursion to Chicago.

On September 25, 26 and 27 the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to Chicago at the lowest first-class one-way fare, good to return until October 13, 1902.

Your ticket should read via Detroit and over the Wabash, the short and true route from Canada to Chicago.

All Wabash trains are solid wide vestibule from headlight to rear platform. Diagram of through sleeper now ready.

Full particulars from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Anecdotal.

Lord Rosebery has a great deal of social tact. Once he sat next to a tenant farmer at his estate dinner, and the confiding man whispered to the host, when the ice pudding was brought: "The pudding has been frozen." The ex-premier, thanking the farmer, and looking surprised, called to a waiter, said something, and then, turning to the farmer again, said: "They tell me the pudding has been frozen on purpose!"

A Georgia justice recently married a runaway couple who drove up to his house and went through the ceremony without descending from the carriage. When the ceremony was over, the groom rumbled in his pockets and fished up thirty-six cents. "Judge," he said, "this here's all the money I got in the world. Ef you've a mind to take it, you kin; but I'll say now that I done set it aside for the honeymoon expenses."

A dandy officer, who had an unfortunately effeminate taste in truffles, came to Kitchener one day, bringing a dainty silk handkerchief upon which, in accordance with a prevailing fashionable fad, he desired him to inscribe his autograph. Lord Kitchener took the handkerchief and remarked: "This is doubtless your sister's handkerchief?" "No," replied the dandy, smiling amiably, "it is mine." Lord Kitchener handed it back without writing on it, only enquiring as he did so, with an air of serious interest: "And what sized hairpins do you wear?"

It is related of an Irish coachman that his medical adviser prescribed animal food as the best means of restoring health and activity. "Patrick," said he, "you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food." Remembering his case a few days afterward, he called upon Pat at the stable. "Well, Pat," said he, "how are you getting on with the treatment?" "Oh, shure, sir," Pat replied, "OI manage all right with the grain and oats, but it's mighty hard with the chopped hay."

At the Jefferson Medical College,

"The Book Shop."

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The "Book Shop" is a treasure house of the delightful fiction of the publishing world. Each book has a position on the fiction table which it has won from merit—and choosing is made a pleasure.

In addition to the fiction found at all times here, the "Book Shop" carries a special line at 15c. per volume, imported from Great Britain. They are most pleasant volumes for summer.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 KING ST. WEST.

Philadelphia, one of the professors was in the habit of taking the boys unawares and quizzing them. He said to a dull fellow one day: "How much is a dose of—?" giving the technical name of cod liver oil. "A teaspoonful," was the ready reply. The professor made no comment, and the fellow soon realized that he had made a mistake. After a quarter of an hour, he said: "Professor, I want to change my answer to that question." "It's too late, Mr. —," responded the professor, looking at his watch, "your patient's been dead four minutes."

A man was traveling in the smoking compartment of a railway carriage a little while back, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite him. When the train started the foreigner, noticing the other's cigar, enquired if he could give him one. The Englishman, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best he could find, and take a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, affably continued: "I could not but have dined with you, but I had a match in my pocket, and I did not know what to do with it."

A youthful attorney secured a verdict in favor of the Irishman charged with murder, on the ground of temporary insanity. He did not meet his client again for several months, when the following remarks were exchanged between them: "Well, Pat, isn't it about time you gave me that extra \$200?" "Faith, an' what two hundred is that?" "The \$200 you promised if I saved that worthless neek of yours." "Sure, an' did OI promise that? OI don't remember." "Why, Pat, you promised it to me." Pat scratched his head for a minute, and then with a smile outlaid the claim with the remark: "Oh, well, but ye know OI was crazy then."

The man who is seeking for a pertinent illustration is wise if he turns to the Bible; for there is matter for our light as well as for our serious arguments. When Mr. J. J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern, started out from New York lately with a party of friends, there was great curiosity as to the destination and object of the cruise. The public thought it had a right to know, but when it asked Mr. Hill, he only smiled and replied, vaguely: "Labrador." "But, Mr. Hill," said one of his interviewers, "do you mean that your cruise has no definite end? Can't you even say when it will terminate?" "No," said Mr. Hill, with a smile. "This cruise is just like the widow's cruse of oil. It will last just as long as it needs to; and it won't be wasted, either."

In Montserrat the population, although colored, speak with a brogue. This has been an Irishman island ever since Cromwell used it as a place of exile for rebels. The exiles followed the fashion of the time in forcing the population into slavery, and the descendants of these slaves, who are, of course, free, are now engaged in making lime-juice and talking Irish. A sailor from Cork landed one day at the principal port, and fell into conversation with a particularly black longshoreman. The newcomer was filled with astonishment at the familiar speech. "An' how long have ye been in this place?" he asked the negro. "Sure an' it's two months since I came over," said the other, meaning that he had crossed from the other side of the island. "Well," replied the Irishman, "if it makes a dacent man look like you in two months, here's what's goin' back to Ireland be the next ship!"

George William Curtis, one of the most popular lecturers, once went to a village in the State of New York. In view of party differences, they begged him not to talk on politics. He had nothing in readiness except a lecture on Thackeray. Nobody in the audience had read any of his novels. Curtis's allusions and criticisms fell upon the void. At the close of the lecture the chief personages came to greet him. "Mr. Curtis," said the schoolmaster, "you must bring about an agreement among us on one point. For a week we have been disputing over Longfellow, whether he's dead or isn't dead." "I dined with him," answered Curtis, "a fortnight ago." "Ah," said the schoolmaster, visibly disappointed; then presently: "Anyhow, I'm sure somebody is dead."

Sir Henry Irving's dresser at the Lyceum Theatre is a young man who was recommended for the position by Clarke, the wig-maker for the theatrical world of London. Soon after his engagement Clarkson noticed that he did not get as many orders for wigs from Sir Henry as he formerly did, and suspected that the young man sent from his establishment had something to do with it. One day, seeing him going by his shop with a bandbox, he called him in. "So you are making Sir Henry's wigs, are you?" he asked sharply. "Yes, sir, sometimes." "I suppose you have one in there now," pointing to the box. "Let me see it." The wig was produced. "So you call that a wig, do you?" sneered the irritated wig-maker. "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that thing looks like a wig?" "No, sir, I don't!" retorted the nettled servant. "I mean to say as it looks like the hair of the 'uman head.'"

The late William F. Howe, the leader of the criminal bar of New York, would have won perhaps as great fame on the stage as in the forum. Many stories are told of his remarkable personality, his ability to influence a jury, even in the face of the strongest evidence, the scope and range of his voice, which would fluctuate from a low, sobbing whisper, meant to stir the sympathy of the jury, to a roar of indignation and anger. Here follows a story in point: When John K. Hackett was recorder, Howe was counsel for a man who had been charged with murder. Of course the wife and children were there, so that the jury could see them to the best advantage. In the midst of the plea of jury return a verdict of murder in the first degree, the baby, which was sitting on the knee of the prisoner's wife, began to sob as if its little heart would break. Finally Recorder Hackett interrupted the district attorney by shouting, so as to be heard above the infant's screams: "Stop that. If counsel for defendant pushes that pin deeper that baby will do more than yell."

Came Cut Just Even.

To illustrate how far wrong one may go in trying to estimate the goods and ills in another man's life, a speaker at a recent public dinner told this story: Two good New Englanders met at a college reunion after twenty-five years. They had been close friends in the old days, but had lost track of each other since.

"Well, Bill?"
"Well, Charley?"
"Tell me about yourself. Where have you been, and what have you done? What has your life been all this quarter of a century?"

"Well, Charley," said "Bill," reflectively and somewhat sadly, "I'm about where I was when I started out, twenty-five years ago."

"That so?"
"Yes; just about in the same place."

"But something must have happened to you."

"Yes, I've been married."

"That's good."

"Well, I don't know. She turned out to be a terrible shrew."

"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. There was one compensation, she was rich."

"That's good."

"Well, I don't know. She was also stingy."

"That's bad."

"Well, I'm not so sure—she was always just."

"That's good."

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But she died."

"That's bad."

"Well, I don't know. She left a great deal of money."

"Of course. That was—well, money is an advantage."

"Yes, it certainly is; but she didn't leave me any."

"That's bad."

"Well, it might have been worse. She left me a fine house."

"That's good."

"Yes, that was good—while it lasted, but the house burned."

"That's too bad."

"Yes, that was bad. It wasn't insured either. So I'm just where I was when I started."

It Is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ARSTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

He Was Paralyzed.

Unable to Walk or Raise His Hands to His Head.

A More Unfortunate Case Could Scarcely Be Imagined Than a Husband and Father in this Wretched Condition.

Oshawa, Ont., Sept. 15.—(Special).—The experience of Mr. Joseph Brown, an employee of the Oshawa Malleable Iron Works, should be a lesson to every sick person.

Some five years ago Mr. Brown, who is a hard working, industrious and sober man, began to feel a stiffness and soreness in the calves of his legs. This gradually increased till he had lost all power in his limbs and arms. He could not have raised his arms to his head to save his life, and for over four months he could not stand or walk alone a single step.

All the doctors treated him and gave him up. Then he consulted a Bowmanville doctor, who told him he could do nothing for him, and advised him to go to the hospital in Toronto, where they might be able to help him a little.

To the hospital he went in January, 1898, and remained under treatment for over four weeks. Twelve doctors told him he could not recover, and that nothing could be done for him. He was getting worse every day, and when removed to his home in Oshawa was like a baby, unable to move.

His father-in-law, Mr. John Allin, had heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and suggested that Mr. Brown try them. He did, and he says:

"I used altogether twelve boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the first of May I was able to start work again in the shop, and I have never been sick or off work a day since."

"I am sure I owe my life, health and strength to that great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills."

A Little Study in Expression.

"Life."



Brother Smoothly—An, yes, brethren and sisters, I feel to-night that I ought to confess, in the words of the apostle, that I am "the chief of sinners," and—



Who said "Amen?"

It Is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ARSTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

"You say your next door neighbors make a vulgar display of their wealth?" "Yes," answered Mr. Bickerson; "they left a ton of coal out on the sidewalk all day yesterday."—Washington "Star."

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Limited

We have secured for Toronto exclusive control of the famous "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe for women:

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A woman's Shoe, designed by a woman who devoted her whole energies and considerable talent in the direction of producing a shoe model that would possess beauty, at the same time give ease to the wearer—to quote the words of "Dorothy Dodd," she says: "My Shoe has a subtle something in beauty and style that means individuality and lifts it above the commonplace—it holds the foot firmly at the waist and instep and supports the arch. It is totally different in construction from every other shoe made."

The New Furs. Furs were never so beautiful in style, nor do we remember of Furs ever being so inexpensive as they are this season. Take a rich Persian Lamb Jacket for instance—the best grade—that which has a lustrous silky curl without the least suggestion of wooliness—such a jacket with broad reverses and deep storm collar of beautifully matched Stone Marten we can sell you for \$115.00—it is an elegantly finished, perfect fitting jacket, and has a smartness of cut that commands instant attention—the price, of course, does not represent the real value of the Jacket—the actual worth, according to a furrier's standard, is \$145.00. We do equally well for you in other fur garments—Scarfs particularly. These attractive pieces are popular in Stone Marten, Sable and Mink. We have them in the various lengths. Sable, \$8.00 to \$30.00. Stone Marten, \$20.00 to \$55.00. Mink, \$16.50 to \$45.00.

Samples of Silks, Dress Goods, Flannels, and all materials that can be sampled to advantage, will be forwarded free of charge to any address in Canada.

W. A. Murray & Co., Limited, 17 to 31 KING ST. EAST, 10 to 16 COLBORNE ST., Toronto

A New Office.

To meet the requirements of their ever-increasing Canadian business, the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad has this week opened an office at No. 69-1-2 Yonge street. The great popularity of the New York Central's route to New York, Boston and practically all the summer and winter resorts of New England, has led to such growth in the passenger traffic of this road as to make the opening of an office where all information respecting the route, connections, time-table, etc., could be obtained, indispensable. Mr. Louis Drago, who has been Canadian passenger agent for some years, will have his headquarters at the new office, while Mr. Frank Foy, son of Mr. John Foy of this city, has been appointed city ticket agent. With this increased facility for looking after Canadian business the popular Canadian Pacific New York Central route to Toronto and New York will doubtless come into even more general use than heretofore. The phone number of the new office is Main 4361.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Pernie.—1. There are excellent music teachers at the place you mention. I did not know they taught shorthand, but I am personally quite fond of them, and know a number of persons of your build who go there. At the same time it is a thing I cannot advise you arbitrarily upon. 2. Your writing is not fully developed, and is somewhat clumsy. You have very practical notions and good strength of conviction. A little more buoyancy would help your naturally pleasant disposition. Your friends. There is a large ambition yet unrealized.

L.A.F.—Thanks for the Muskoka experience. I think I'll take that trip the very next time. The name of your terminus sounds very tempting also. As for your writing, it is, above all, a diploma of the untrained hand. There is abundant vital force and great decision, tenacity and perception indicated. Writer might easily be opinionated, and also have a decided charm of manner, facility and expansion in expression, and not the most guarded and secretive of natures. He is clever and observant, prompt and capable, you certainly are. A little carelessness of detail is noticed, but, on the whole, it is a virile, pleasing and smart study. You like things well and consistently done, and there are signs that almost make me think I'm "doing" a Scotchman. I wonder if that be true?

Tramway.—This is a very vital, enterprising and sometimes over-confident study. Writer is full of speculation, and perhaps day-dreams, reasonably careful of detail, hopeful and fond of a good time, has some sense of humor and a practical grasp of affairs. It is a rather erratic and sometimes almost contradictory hand. Your birthday, October 31st, brings you under Scorpio, and you would naturally take a leading place in your company. The great sea serpent's children have their own method of progression, and are a power for advancement and inspiration if they only do themselves justice.

Marie.—Somehow I don't seem very often to get a May study. Your writing is generous, more of material things than of heart sympathy; ambition isn't a leading trait. There are power, thought and taste in your lines. You are not one who trusts blindly or carelessly. Your will is firm and constant, but not dominant. You generally live and let live. There is rather a tendency to pessimism in your study, and I don't believe you always think quite clearly. It is a decided charm of manner, facility and expansion in expression, and not the most guarded and secretive of natures. He is clever and observant, prompt and capable, you certainly are. A little carelessness of detail is noticed, but, on the whole, it is a virile, pleasing and smart study. You like things well and consistently done, and there are signs that almost make me think I'm "doing" a Scotchman. I wonder if that be true?

Tommy.—Sorry your delineation swelled your head. I'd like to say something horrid to you just to reduce the swelling, but I can't see any chance. Your enclosure is a fairly strong and capable study, not particularly cultured and inclined to take a serious view of life. There is some sentiment, cumulative force of purpose, reasonable discretion, care for detail, and a generally conscientious method. Writer wouldn't be likely to exercise very quick intuition, and lacks much snap and magnetism. I think you are a decided character, and you would naturally take a leading place in your company. The great sea serpent's children have their own method of progression, and are a power for advancement and inspiration if they only do themselves justice.

Stanley.—I, Now, I wonder where you've been all this time? I think you must have been one of those who got stuck in the back of the drawer. So sorry you've had over three months to wait. I felt quite startled when I saw the date of your note. The personage about whose health you're kind enough to be concerned is doing very nicely, and the

"companion" isn't with him so devotedly. 2. Your writing is very graceful, imaginative and pleasing. There is plenty of sympathy, love of beauty, and a discreet but decided tendency to idealize. You've "had your ups and downs?" So have many of us, good Stanley, or life must be monotonous. You have excellent sense of proportion, and would live most happily in harmony and peace; the strife of tongues—for other members—doesn't add zest to your life. You have some culture and refined feeling, and many turns of clever thought. Your birth sign is Aries; from March 22 to April 21 the Ram rules the roset, leading the year proudly like the he-goat at the head of the flock. There is a touch of sentiment in your lines, as well as truth and hopefulness.

Evadne.—Kindly read rules. Scraps of letters without any sort of signature, beginning of sentences or end of lines, are never suitable studies. You sent four. March 24th is under Aries, the leading sign of the Fire triplicity (April, August and December), but August 24th is under Virgo, the earth sign. Of the marriage of Aries and any other sign the Zodiac book says: "The most harmonious domestic life is found when an Aries and a Sagittarius (December) are united." Strong, bright, intellectual children usually bless such a marriage. An Aries and an Aries can get along very well together, but offspring will not be so brilliant. If the companionship you mention be the friendship of two of the same sex, and Virgo has learned not to reside nor exact the first portion of place, I dare say the two would pull well. The fire sign might awaken many fine thoughts and impulses in her slower and more material earth sister.

Bobs.—Are you quite sure your writing has not been delineated? I seem to remember doing it. It is a hopeful, cheerful, philosophical sort of specimen, candid, single-minded, rather discreet and not susceptible. In fact the attitude seems adverse to sentiment, and also the study isn't thoroughly developed. Time should add much to it.

Molle.—Your study is immature, written on lines, and a delineation would not be satisfactory. It is a conscientious and sensible little bit, but full of the contradictions of youth.

Linden.—Your ink isn't very black, and your paper is very blue. I know it is evident stationery, but it's a pity for character reading. March 11th brings you under the full influence of Pisces, the fishes. 'Tis a water sign, and rather of the uncertain and elusive character. And I never knew a fish yet that loved excessive heat. Yours is a receptive, communicative and companionable nature, not adverse to sentiment, and, though not lacking ambition and buoyancy, not particularly enterprising. It is an interesting hand, but candidly, the conditions I mentioned have combined to make your hard reading. I find perseverance, good sequence of ideas and rather a bright and decided touch of intuition.

Violet.—Your writing has the slope of sentiment, the rising finale of the optimist, some adaptability and sympathy. Being written on lines, what individuality it may have is marred. It shows neatness, order, proportion and discretion with a small taste of tenacity and practical bent. Your envelope is much more valuable to me than the formal study it encloses, and from it I have gleaned the foregoing.

Doreen.—Your writing is exceedingly original. It looks artistic and full of idealism. It suggests thought, not on conventional lines. Good self-esteem, sensitive and varying impulse, bright mentality, great observation, firm purpose, and with all this, caution and reserve. You are clever, certainly, and should be rather of a pessimistic turn. With all its brilliancy, your writing pleases cheerfulness and sympathetic consideration of life. Irish in more ways than one. Surely, there's only one way, at all, at all.

Strawberry Blonde.—Yes, I've done the Mackinaw trip, but I don't care much

for sailing round the lakes. The fresh water doesn't fill the bill quite. I am afraid the former delineation must suffice you. How on earth can I remember it and say if you've improved?

A Winsome Face

Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Crowfeet, Wrinkles, etc., are banished by our skillful treatment. Our matchless remedies are known from Halifax to Vancouver.

Facial Massage a Specialty.
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Special attention given to Diet and Massage. Physicians are solicited to correspond with Dr. McCoy, Physician in charge. Skilled attendants in Baths, Steam heat in each room. Elevator. Porcelain baths. Toilet-rooms on each floor. One and one-half hours' ride from Toronto without change.

Apply to—

The Welland Hotel & Sanitarium Co.

Up the ladder.

Here the ink is going on.

are the heap of (my) color.

plain colors and brushes and workmen but.

The design, turned, per, are similar side up and tended to the pattern in begins.

set to work, pick out the place six of cent attitude, garments, I garments, moving flag of an artist.

The south, twenty-eight, open the dining-room, lighted by west and sea view of Lake land), but increased b, erations at and the final ones.

An immense tire-length, side of this, head of the, borne street with workmen reception, the ladies' their special being used, men are b, matter for is the royal, tion, and streets from dows of it.

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Twenty Minutes in the King Edward Hotel.

A Short Description of its Present Progressive Stage.

FROM the King street entrance of the new King Edward hotel the view of the grand rotunda now gives the visitor some idea of what the hotel will be when it is finished. The mosaic flooring is completed and covered for protection with a thick layer of sawdust. The seven grand rounded pillars await only their outer coat of marble; the ceiling design is plastered, and lacks only the decorator's brush; the under-work of the walls is there, and needs but the finishing touches of the workmen and the artists. Barrels of cement, bags and boxes of cut stone, scaffolding, and the odds and ends of many builders' outfits are the present furnishings of this big place, but the work is advanced to such a stage that the eye sees beyond the present incompleteness and pictures upon the brain the grandeur and perfection of what is to be.

To the right of the main entrance are the spaces to be used as railway ticket counters and news-stand; to the left is the public elevator and the main staircase. A door near by the stairs leads to the barber shop, and the remaining space upon the east side of the rotunda is occupied by the general office of the hotel, at the rear of which is the private office of the manager.

Upon the south side will be the immense open fireplace, directly opposite the King street door, to the right and left of which are great doorways leading to the European restaurant and the corridor of the Colborne street entrance.

Upon the west side of the rotunda, at the southern extremity, is the archway to Victoria street, a special ladies' entrance, in which is the private elevator for ladies; and opening from the hall-way at the rear of the elevator is a room which will be fitted up as a resting and reading salon for ladies.

Midway up the entire western wall is the mezzanine floor, arched in gallery form, overlooking the rotunda, an after-dinner resting-room for ladies and gentlemen, where coffee will be served, and where gentlemen may smoke and ladies enjoy the fragrance of the cigar.

Behind this delightful nook will be the palm garden, making not only a restful retreat, but also creating a beautiful background, cool and pleasing for summer and suggestive of tropical warmth upon winter days.

From the windows of the European restaurant the view is to the west and the south. Just now there is not much beside the view to be seen. When completed the room will be of Louis XV. style, and will be open at all and every hour of the day. A service pantry leads therefrom and by a stairway connects directly with the kitchen, so that orders can be filled at once and no time wasted in waiting.

Through the other south doorway from the rotunda the visitor enters the Colborne street corridor, from which, on the west side, opens the door into the cafe and bar. This is a room of magnificent proportions, and in its unfinished state gives evidence of the palatial beauty that is to be. The flooring, of patterned mosaic, is complete. The ceiling is moulded in quadrangles, with central designs, and the walls are ready for their finishing touches, which are to be marble tracings, inlaid Flemish oak in the center, and the upper part of leather, with historical scenes painted thereupon. A short stairway leads to a mezzanine floor, where lunches and suppers can be served, and an orchestral gallery also opens into the room.

To the east of the Colborne street corridor are the public lavatories, and a side staircase leads to the regions above.

Back under ladders and scaffolding, over splatterings of plaster and dust, across the grand rotunda, one reaches the wide "great staircase," whose steps are overlaid with boards and where many workmen are busy with plaster and brush. The two landings might be transformed into sitting-rooms, so large and roomy are they, and from the upper one opens the office to be used by the stenographer of the hotel. This cosy room is plastered and ready for the putting in of the mantel and final decorations of the painter.

Up the last flight of steps is the gallery promenade, or, as it is called, the balcony. Here the inlaying of the mosaic is still going on. It is a pretty sight. There are the heaps of earth-like cement; piles of tiny stone squares—pure white and plain colors; the rollers, pounders, brushes and brooms—and the foreign workmen busy at their task.

The designs come in boxes; the tiny tiles, turned upside down on sticky paper, are simply lifted out, turned right side up and placed where they are intended to go, the paper removed and the pattern disclosed. Then the filling in begins. Italians, with deft fingers, set to work on hands and knees they pick out the squares and drop them into place—six of them in a row—their different attitudes, the faded coloring of their garments, their bent heads and swift-moving fingers making a study worthy of an artist's brush.

The south side of the promenade is twenty-eight feet in width, and from it open the two doors into the American dining-room. Not only is this room a west and south (from which latter is a view of Lake Ontario and Toronto Island), but its lofty domed ceiling gives increased brightness and air. The decorations and furnishings will be superb, and the finishing work will be begun at once.

An immense banquet hall runs the entire length of the hotel upon the eastern side of this first floor, right from the head of the great staircase to the Colborne street rear, and just now is filled with workmen and their tools. A ladies' reception-room opens from the hall above the ladies' entrance, and right beside is their special elevator. At present it is being used as a workroom, where many men are busy working at composition matter for the decorations. Behind this is the royal suite, also nearing completion, and overlooking King and Victoria streets from the crescent-balconied windows of its sitting-room.

The drawing-rooms are to the north, running the length of the King street side, and in them, too, the plastering and floorwork are rapidly nearing completion, to make ready for the decorators, who begin their work this week.

The woodwork of the bedrooms is of mahogany, and is waiting in the European restaurant to be fitted into place. There are four hundred bedrooms and between three and four hundred bathrooms. Each bedroom is an outside room,

and their sizes range from 10x17 feet to 15x25 feet. There is not one small, dark room in the hotel. Sunshine and fresh air, the best sanitary plumbing, and the most perfect system of lighting, have been sought and found. The walls and floors are fireproof, but, in case of a conflagration, every method of escape has been thought of and used.

The kitchen premises are still unfinished, nothing further than the walls and ceilings showing their plan, but this week sees their flooring begun, and from that the work will go steadily on to completion.

It Is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF "SIR ASTLEY'S WIFE," A CAPTIVATING STORY, IS ON PAGE 4 OF THIS COPY OF "SATURDAY NIGHT."

Bright Sayings of Elbert Hubbard.

Talk less and listen more.

Be gentle and keep your voice low.

The mouth indicates the flesh; the eye the soul.

A bird in the bush is worth two on a woman's bonnet.

It is only in prosperity that we throw our friends overboard.

Cultivate poise. Before you can influence others you must govern yourself.

Many a man's reputation would not know his character if they met on the street.

Strong people are not so much advertised by their loving friends as by their rabid enemies.

The heroic man does not pose; he leaves that for the man who wishes to be thought heroic.

A retentive memory is a great thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of greatness.

People are always asking me to follow their advice, but they seldom tell which way it went.

He who influences the thought of his times influences all the times that follow. He has made his impress on eternity.

It does not make much difference what a man studies—all knowledge is related, and the man who studies anything, if he keeps at it, will become learned.

We desire at least a modicum of intellectual honesty, and the man who shuffles his opinions in order to match ours is seen through quickly. We want none of him.

Mother Nature is kind, and if she deprives us of one thing she gives us another—happiness seems to be metered out to each and all in equal portions. The man pushing a wheelbarrow sleeps as soundly and will live as long as the man in the automobile.

Americianitis is on the increase, the wise ones say. Americanitis comes from an intense desire to "git thar" and an awful fear that you cannot. The ounce of prevention is to cut down your calling list, play tag with the children and let the world slide. Remember that your real wants are not many—a few hours' work a day will supply your needs—then you are safe from Americanitis and death at the top.

"My sheep know my voice." Clothes may deceive, manners may lie, and words may be used to conceal your purpose; but the voice is the true index of the soul. People who are vulgar may dress correctly and speak grammatically, but they continue either to screech or purr. The clear, low, musical modulation belongs only to the men and women who think and feel. To possess a beautiful voice you must be genuine.

The desire for the expression of sentiments and emotions is very much akin to sex. Each is a reaching out for perpetuation, a bid for immortality, a protest against extinction. The gratification of an artistic success is the most intoxicating that comes to mortal. But like all pleasures it must be shared to be complete. "When I have sung well," said Patti, "and the curtain is rung down, I want some one just to take me in his arms and tell me it was good—I don't care so much for the applause of the audience."

The success of every great man hinges right on that one thing—to pick your men to do the work. The efforts of any one man count for so very little! It all depends on the selection and management of men to carry out your plans. In every successful concern, whether it be bank, school, factory, steamship company or railroad, the spirit of one man runs through and animates the entire institution. The success or failure of the enterprise turns on the mental, moral and spiritual qualities of this one man. And the leader who can imbue an army of workers with a spirit of earnest fidelity to duty, an unswerving desire to do the thing that should be done, and always with animation, kindness, courtesy and good cheer must be ranked as one of the great men of the earth.

Good Intentions.

"OUR minister did not take any vacation this summer," said Brown, with a smile. "Why not?" asked the other man. "Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

"He intended to go away and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all women, too—took the matter out of his hands, and told his wife 'confidentially' not to pinch and save for his outing, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sun especially for his vacation."

"As the minister has a large family and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the vacation money in other ways. 'Well, the women held several affairs,' and managed to get something over fifty dollars together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the parson on his way with good wishes."

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon



"So you've given up cycling?"
"Yes, my husband learned to ride, too; the mean old thing!"

himself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work.

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of two or three dollars in debt."

"Oh, yes, the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to square the debt."

"Why, Joseph," she said, "what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest."

"Not Miss Diana."

SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, in his time one of the foremost men in Scotland, lived at Edinburgh, and his house there, some forty years ago, was the home of his four daughters, all noticeably tall women. They made up, as the father said, about "four and twenty feet of daughters." A good but not a romantic story is told of one of them, in connection with Lord Glasgow, who, when dining one day with Sir John, told his host that he had made up his mind to be married.

"I have decided," said he, "after careful consideration, that I cannot do better than to secure the hand of one of your daughters."

Sir John bowed, and expressed his gratitude for the compliment. "And may I ask, Lord Glasgow," said he, "which of my daughters has attracted your choice?"

"That, Sir John," returned his lordship, "I leave entirely to you. I feel that your knowledge of your daughters will enable you to make a far wiser selection than I could make."

"Your prudence is highly to your credit," said the father. "Let us join the ladies upstairs, and I will at once indicate to you, in a manner you will understand, the choice which I advise you to make."

They walked upstairs to the drawing-room, but just as they were about to enter one touch of nature asserted itself. Lord Glasgow plucked at the tail of Sir John's coat.

"One moment Sir John!" said he. "Not Miss Diana!"

Sir John bowed, and they entered the room. A gesture indicated Miss Julia, and the matter was settled.

Her Picture.

She—I took this picture with my "kodak" while abroad. He—What is it? She—Well, that building that stands up perfectly straight is the leaning tower of Pisa—those leaning buildings are the perpendicular edifices adjacent.—"Puck."

Very Sad.

"Yes, it's very sad." "How is that?" "Why, he always held that, to train a wife properly, you should catch her while she's young. So he did." "Well?" "Well, it seems that she had the same idea about a husband, and now there's a crisscross of training ideas that is simply home-wrecking."—Chicago "Post."

Won't Cure Everything.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a Specific Remedy for all Stomach Troubles.

It is not claimed for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets that they will cure anything but Stomach Troubles.

Of course where there is any indirect result of Stomach derangement it disappears when the Stomach is restored.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do cure all diseases of the Stomach and digestive organs.

They are made for this purpose only. Compounded carefully, and carefully prepared, they may always be relied upon to instantly relieve, and, if used perseveringly, to permanently cure, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Bloating, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Biliousness, Sallow Complexion, Bad Breath, Furred Tongue, and any and all results of a tired or deranged Stomach.

They also cure Constipation, which is a result of bad digestion and poor Liver action, for they set right the tardy organs and encourage and assist them to do their duty.

The large white tablets are composed of diastase and pepsin—the very best digestive agents known to modern and advanced medical science. These digest the food—all of it—without any assistance from the Stomach itself, and in this way allow it to rest and get better.

The small brown Tablets are for the Liver and Bowels, and act as a gentle laxative when such is needed. They are without doubt the very best Liver medicine, and never fail to do the healing and restoring work for which they are compounded.

Together these two tablets form what has been proven over and over again to be the very best treatment for all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

All in one box—price 50c—all dealers. If your Stomach is giving you trouble buy and use a box.

Neuralgic Pains!

Are a Cry of the Nerves For Better Blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red Blood and Drive These Pains From the System—Read the Proof.

A high medical authority has defined neuralgia as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to effectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them. Mr. John McDermott, Bond Head, Ont., offers strong proof of the certain results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. He says: "A few years ago, while working as a carpenter in Buffalo, I got wet. I did not think it worth while changing my clothes at the time, but I soon began to suffer for my neglect. I awoke next morning with cramps and pains throughout my body. I was unable to go to work, and called in a doctor, who left me some medicine. I used it faithfully for some time, but it did not help me. In fact, I was growing steadily worse, and had become so reduced in flesh that I weighed only 138 pounds. As I was not able to work, I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I placed myself under the care of a local doctor, who said the trouble was neuralgia, which had taken a thorough hold upon my entire system. Mistaken treatment did not help me, and I think my neighbors at least did not believe I was going to get better. I had often read and heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in this emergency I determined to try them. I had not used more than three boxes before I felt that the pills were helping me. From that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten or twelve boxes, I had fully recovered my old-time strength, and have since been able to work at my trade as a carpenter without any trouble. I have no pains or aches, and I now weigh 156 pounds. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an invaluable medicine, and shall always have a good word to say for them."

When the nerves are unstrung, when the blood is poor or watery, or when the system is out of order, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine to take. They cure all troubles arising from these causes, and make weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Protect yourself against imitations by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or mailed postpaid at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Trouble Ahead in Royal Families.

It does not much matter whether or not the eldest son of the German Emperor wants to marry an "American" girl.



Headache.

Pain across the forehead or at back of head is dangerous. It slowly but surely weakens the intellectual powers, impairs the vitality and will. Headache is sometimes from the eyes but more frequently is caused by a disordered condition of the stomach and digestive organs.

Do not suffer. The pain can be cured by the harmless remedy

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

It never loses its effect. Cures by driving out the poison, and does not simply deaden the pain as do so many preparations containing narcotics.

Abbey's in the morning will make you well and keep you well.

THE BRAND IS PROTECTED BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT

..... Therefore watch for the name

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea on every genuine packet. Lead packets only. 25c, 30c., 40c., 50c, 60c., per lb. By all grocers.

COAL AND WOOD



20 King Street West.
415 Yonge Street.
793 Yonge Street.
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Esplanade, foot of West Market Street.
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The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited



For Picnics

Clark's Canned Meats and Clark's Pork and Beans are perfect in quality and reasonable in price.

W. Clark, Montreal

The problem which is reported as being presented to the German Emperor will demand solution within the next quarter of a century. The leading factors in such a problem are distinctly visible. There are thrones in Europe and there are rich "American" girls whose eyes are fixed on these thrones. The trouble began when the daughter of a rich "American" gentleman married into the Churchill family. The Churchill family was not one of the oldest or most illustrious in England, but it was of sufficient importance to establish a precedent. Since that time rich "American" girls have found it comparatively easy to marry into the noble families of England. And if into noble families, why not into royal families? In many respects the noble families of England are socially superior to royal families in Europe. They have larger incomes and on their estates exercise nearly all the powers of a sovereign.

Money is the talisman that has opened the semi-royal thrones of England to the untitled "American" girl. See what the Vanderbilt millions have done for the Duke of Marlborough! When Consuelo Vanderbilt exchanged her millions for the dual title, the Duke was held in small esteem in his native land. Now he takes rank with the first of the British nobility. Examples of this character are too numerous to mention. There are hundreds of "American" girls moving in the highest social circles in Europe. Some of these days one will make a dash for a throne. Miss Deacon aimed rather high when she fixed her eyes upon one of the very first thrones in Europe, but she opened the eyes of other rich "American" girls to the fact that thrones are not above their reasonable aspirations.

It Is Not Too Late to Catch Up.

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A Conscientious Sabbatarian.

A commercial traveling man landed at Edinburgh, Scotland, one Saturday night, too late to get out of town for Sunday. The next day he found that there was actually no form of amusement in the whole city to assist him in whiling away the day. He went to the proprietor of the hotel to see if he could suggest a way of passing the remainder of the day.

The landlord took pity on the stranger and took him to one of the rooms in the house in which a number of Scotchmen were playing a game called nap, which is a sort of modification of even-up. They were playing for a shilling a point, so that the game was a pretty stiff one.

The stranger got in the game and played very cautiously, for he was quite sure that the players, or at least some of them, were cheating. One solemn-

ly faced Scot, he was especially sure, he caught cheating a number of times. He began whistling a part of some ragtime tune. The Scot who had been cheating arose from the table and threw down the cards.

"What is the matter?" the other players asked.

"I'm gaingin' awa'," the Scot answered, glaring at the stranger. "I'll play cards wi' no mon that whistles on the Sabbath."

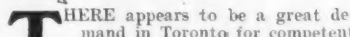
He—Do you think it's right for a man to call his wife down? She—It isn't a question of right; it's a question of courage.

T.B.M. Co. Extra Stout
Builds up the weak as compound interest builds up the bank account.
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The second edition of Mr. A. S. Vogt's work, *Modern Pianoforte Technique*, already exhausted, although but two years have elapsed since the work was first issued. The publishers are hurrying forward another large edition of the

Bayreuth seems to be more than even the Mecca of the European aristocracy. The last performance but one of "Parsifal" on August 11, was witnessed by the Duke of Orleans, who came from France with a suite of fourteen persons by Princess Louise of France, Duchesse Helene of Aosta, Duke of Montpensier, the Prince and Princess Biron of Cumberland, Princess Constance Salm-Salm, the Prince of Oettingen, Count D'Auligny, etc. Adeline Patti and Humperdinck attended the same performance, and so did the highest official of the German

Legal Points.

"So he got out an injunction against your company," we say pittingly; "why didn't you forestall him by getting a injunction to prevent the issuance of his injunction?" "I couldn't; you see he was slick enough to get out an injunction against my getting out an injunction against his injunction!"—Baltimore "Herald."

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Fine Cub Bear Bone, Brown and Claret—15.00 to 50.00

Muffs to match.

84 Yonge St.

Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Sinclair are settled in their new home, at 493 Markham street. Mrs. Sinclair will receive on the last Thursday in September and the Thursdays in October.

Rev. Canon Sanson returned home this week, after spending the summer abroad, and seems none the worse for his accident on board ship while crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Clark arrived home this week from Niagara-on-the-Lake, where they spent the summer, as usual, at their pretty cottage.

Mrs. Frank Welsman, with her two little sons, returned to Toronto last Sunday after four months' delightful holiday in England and on the Continent.

Mrs. J. F. and the Misses Michie, since their return to Toronto, are residing at 210 Carlton street, where they will receive on the second and third Mondays.

The engagement is announced in Montreal of Miss Florence Brown, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Brown, "Stoneleigh," The Cape, Quebec, to the Rev. Temple Stannage Boyle of Christ Church Cathedral. Miss Brown sails for home by the steamship "Lake Simcoe" this week. Mr. Boyle, formerly of Trinity College, is well known in Toronto.

Professor Maurice Hutton and Mrs. Hutton returned last week from Muskoka, where they spent the summer at their pretty island.

St. Catharines people this week are mourning the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Reilly for London, Ont., where Mr. O'Reilly has been transferred by his bank. Both Mr. O'Reilly and his bright young wife, who will be remembered as Miss Hughes of Toronto, were very popular in St. Catharines, and the closing of their cheerful little home will be very much felt.

The interest of society people of St. Mary's was strongly attracted last Thursday evening to the joint recital given in the Opera House by Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black, reader, and Miss Janet Douglas Grant, contralto. Mrs. Black was her usual charming self. Her work seems always to "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art," and her audience was swayed by her exquisite interpretations of the selections which she had chosen to read. The pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by the addition of the vocal numbers of Miss Grant, a fair young singer with a voice vibrating with warmth and color. Golden opinions of the work of the two artists were heard on every hand at the close of the evening.

At eight o'clock on the evening of September 3 a quiet but pretty wedding took place at Brookline, Mass., when Miss Anne Victoria Froude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Froude, formerly of Toronto, was married to Mr. Frank Walter, jr., of Brookline. Miss Julia K. Hughes of Boston was bridesmaid, and Dr. Walter G. Chase of Brookline best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Lyon, D.D., of Brookline. Mr. and Mrs. Walter are spending their honeymoon in the White Mountains, and will be at home on October 15, at 89 Winthrop road, Brookline.

Dr. and Mrs. Harold Clark, of 44 Wilcox street, with Master Philip and the doctor's mother, sailed from Liverpool the 9th inst., per steamer "Lake Megantic," for Montreal.

Mrs. Dignam has settled in her down town studio, 28 Toronto street, and is painting a portrait of her daughter, Lady Van Hoogenhouck Tulken, who has come from The Hague to pay a short visit to her family while her husband is absent on military duty.

Mrs. Sarah Owen announces the engagement of her daughter, Dorothea, to Mr. James W. Gregg of Detroit.

Mrs. George Macdonald is now en pension at 581 Jarvis street.

Miss Alice Jones of Boston is visiting Miss Edith Coady of Huron street.

Miss Amy Falconbridge returned last week to college in Montreal, to resume her studies for the coming year.

Mrs. Walter Jarvis and her daughter are settled at 50 Maitland street for the winter.

A very pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon, September 17th, at the home of the bride's brother, 660 Palmerston avenue, when Mr. R. H. Greer was married to Miss Mary Tarsess Bark (May), by Rev. J. A. Turnbull of West Presbyterian church. The bride, who was very becomingly robed in a tailor-made gown, trimmed with white embroidered silk and white broadcloth, was given away by her brother, Mr. R. J. Bark. The groom, as a solo, Wagner's bridal chorus in excellent style, accompanied by Mr. Jack Branton of Oshawa. Miss Annie Dixon was bridesmaid, and looked well in cream muslin over blue silk. Mr. L. Wagenast was the groomsmen. The groom's present to the bride was a beautiful gold necklace, and to the bridesmaid a pearl scarf pin. After luncheon the bride couple left on a short honeymoon trip west, and on their return will reside in the city. The presents were most beautiful, including a gold necklace, with locket, set with diamonds, the gift of the groom.

Mrs. Cornell of Sarnia and Miss P. Owen of Campbellford, who were the guests of Mrs. Bell, 196 Wellesley street, returned to their homes yesterday.

Mrs. William Muldrow has rented her pretty home in Huron street, and is en pension in Spadina avenue for the winter months.

Mr. J. C. Wright left Monday evening for Spokane, Wash., where he will reside.

Miss L. O. Adams has removed to 325 College street.

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil Trotter are spending the week in Montreal, during the

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WHY? Because it will positively cure it with more safety than any other remedy known to the medical profession. BE CAREFUL, however, that you GET HUNYADI JANOS.

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New exercises based upon the laws of Health, Growth and Beauty, comprising complete physical, recreative, educational and grace-giving training are taught by Miss Phelps, an experienced English teacher (who has studied in London and Paris), and who is opening her new

School of Psycho-Physical Culture and Remedial Training.

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meeting of the Canadian Dental Association at McGill University.

Mrs. R. L. Johnston will receive the first and second Mondays of each month, at her residence, No. 4 Earl street.

Parke—The other day I was in a kind of vision, and saw my wife as the most perfect woman in the world. Lane—Where were you? Parke—In an intelligence office, describing her to a cook I was trying to engage.—Judge.

"Whisky," shouted the lecturer, "will

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Anthony Hope's Masterpiece

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take the coat off a man's stomach!" "Worse than that," grumbled the man with the pawn ticket; "it will take the coat off his back."—Philadelphia "Record."

Father—Was your captain cool during the battle? Son—He must have been. "Why so?" "I saw him shivering."

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6. Domestic Science—Courses in Plain, Superior and Invalid Cookery. Courses for Teachers of Domestic Science, with Diplomas recognized by the Education Department. Courses for Housekeepers, etc.

Small fees for Day School. Evening School free. Send for prospectus.

A. G. HORWOOD, Secretary.

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Fair LONDON, Sep. 12 to 20, 1902

FROM SEPT. 12 to 19th. \$3.40
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Steamers leave week days (except Sunday) 4 p.m. On and after Tue-day, September 16th, Steamer Toronto leaves Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4 p.m. for Charlottetown, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, to Montreal, till end of September.

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To Charlotte, Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Brockville and Prescott. Every Saturday. LOW RATES.

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Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays 7.30 p.m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, to Montreal. Low rates for single and return tickets.

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TEMISKAMING & NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY COMMISSION.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Construction," will be received by the Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission until noon Saturday, September 27th, 1902, for the construction of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway (Ontario Government Railway), including clearing of right-of-way, bridging, grading, ballasting, and track-laying, complete and ready for operation, in accordance with plans and specifications, from the Town of North Bay or Nipissing Junction to a point on Lake Temiskaming, being a distance of 110 miles, more or less. Plans and specifications of the work may be seen and full information obtained at the office of the Chief Engineer at North Bay.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied by the Commission and signed with the actual signatures of the parties tendering. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank of \$5,000, payable to the order of the Chairman and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party whose tender is accepted declines to enter into a contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The accepted cheques thus sent in will be returned to the parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The Commission reserves the right to reject the lowest or every tender.

P. E. RYAN, Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto, August 29th, 1902.

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PRESTON SPRINGS ONTARIO

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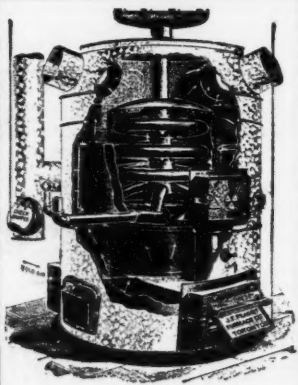


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Morning or Walking Coat and Waistcoat (made of same material).....Special Price, \$22.00.

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Combination Heater is.

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Good Music in Every Home

"If it could only speak," is often remarked by the observer of a beautiful picture. "If it would only play," is what many a visitor says in homes where beautiful instruments stand silent and dumb. Pianos are something more than furniture. They have souls that can speak with no uncertain tones of sweetness and pathos, if only the skillful touch is applied to the keyboard. So many pianos stand in death-like silence that the inventor's genius has been employed to bring that skillful touch within reach of all. The Chase & Baker Piano-Player now offers all the world's best music to every home where lack of skill has heretofore prevented the home enjoyment of first class instrumental music. The most perfect piano-player, the one which gives greatest scope and finest modulation and can be played the first time you try it, is the

Chase & Baker Piano-Player

The NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., Limited
15 KING STREET EAST

SOLE AGENTS

Social and Personal.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are:—Mr. J. Cass, New York; Mr. William Perry, Montreal; Mr. H. E. Hanning, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Bruce, Mrs. Osborne, Miss Osborne, Mr. R. D. Leasure, Mr. R. W. Davis, Hamilton; Mr. J. F. and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. G. B. Salmond, Mr. W. London, Mr. John Carruthers, Miss Carruthers, Toronto; Miss Greer, Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. Short, of 293 Huron street, returned from England last week.

"Cranfield House," the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. William Harris, was the scene of a very smart wedding on Wednesday afternoon,

when their eldest daughter, Annie Louise, was married to Mr. Peter Archibald Macdonald. The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Dr. Chambers in the large drawing-room, which was exquisitely decorated with a profusion of lovely crimson roses, smilax and palms. Promptly at 2 o'clock, as the strains of the "Wedding March" were heard, the bridal party entered the drawing-room and took their position under a canopy of roses and smilax. The bride looked very sweet in a gown of white duchess satin over white taffeta, with court train, the flounce of which was headed with tucked medallions embroidered with silk roses, the bodice being richly trimmed with real lace and tucked chiffon appliqued with silk roses. Her veil of Brussels lace, caught in her dark hair, and allowed to fall

gracefully to the end of her train, was the one worn by an aunt, and came all the way from England for the happy event. Her handsome bouquet was of white roses. Miss Jeanette Harris, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid, and was gowned in pink crepe de chine over pink taffeta, prettily trimmed with tucked chiffon and white silk applique. She carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Henry B. Macdonald. After congratulations the wedding breakfast was served from small tables placed in the reception hall, dining-room and library, where the same color scheme had been carried out most effectively. The bride, who is much beloved, was the recipient of many beautiful gifts, some coming from England and others from out-of-town friends; the different societies in the church of which she is a member also sent her several handsome remembrances. The groom's gift to the bride was a locket and chain with pearl setting, and to the bridesmaid a lace-pin. After the dejeuner Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left for New York and other cities, the bride going away in a gown of blue broadcloth, trimmed with panne velvet and guipure applique. During the afternoon Miss Eldred Macdonald sang Allister's "Song of Thanksgiving" in her well known artistic manner. Mrs. Harris, the bride's mother, wore a gown of black satin, tucked, with a vest of black applique over white, and touches of real lace. Mrs. Peter Macdonald wore a gown of black point d'esprit over black silk with lace medallions embroidered in pink roses. Among the invited guests were: Professor and Mrs. Willmot, Rochester, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Macdonald, Misses Eldred and Georgie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. David Morton, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Flavell, Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff, Mr. William Davies, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harris, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Cleland, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Adie, Rev. and Mrs. J. McP. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, Meadowdale; Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Erie, Pa.; Rev. Mr. Frizzell and Mrs. Frizzell, Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, Miss Lane, Miss Summers, Dr. and Mrs. McClelland, Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Ed. Blong, Mr. Tweedie, Mr. John Milne, Mr. and Mrs. J. Coe, Mrs. Ardagh, Mr. Ewan and Miss Ewan, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Lott, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Fleury, Mrs. Wells and the Misses Wells, Mr. Eric Wells, Mr. R. Blong and Miss Blong, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Owen Sound; Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Frank Harris.

Mrs. R. Dawson Harling and her daughter Kathleen arrived home on Sunday last from England. They spent a month at Ramsey, Isle of Man, and several weeks visiting old friends and rela-

Fall Styles in Leather Goods



Wrist Bags

are shown by us this Fall in the widest possible range in style and price.

The above Waist Bag is made of the finest quality of Black Suede.

Price is \$2.75



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are still popular and new styles are being constantly shown.

The Chateleine Bag illustrated is made in all colors, in Seal and Walrus Leather.

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We would like to send you our Illustrated Catalogue S, showing our Traveling and Leather Goods.

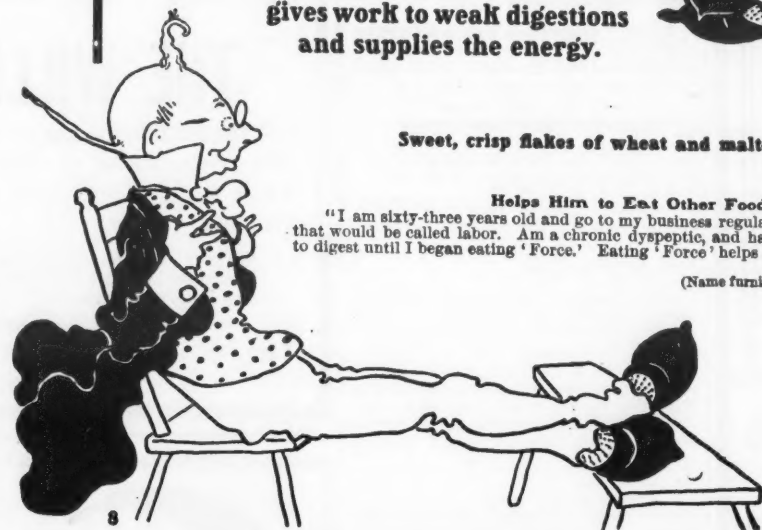
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Jim Dumps had tried some time in vain
To ease an after-dinner pain
Which gnawed at him his belt below,
And filled his world with indigo.
Dyspepsia now can't bother him
For "FORCE" has made him "Sunny Jim."

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and supplies the energy.



Sweet, crisp flakes of wheat and malt—eaten cold.

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Fancy Cabinets, open and enclosed, some plain, others decorated with choice hand-painted panels.

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and Fancy Tables, Secretaries, Palm-Stands, etc., etc., in the very newest designs. The illustration represents a Chiffonnier belonging to one of our Colonial Bedroom Suites, and we shall be happy to send other cuts on application.

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tives, and return very much benefited in health.

Mrs. P. J. Brown, formerly of 80 St. Patrick street, has removed to 28 Cecil street.

The reopening of the Misses Sternberg's classes in physical culture and dancing for the coming season is announced to take place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, October 1st, at 4 o'clock. This is an event which should interest parents and others who have seen the progress made by the pupils of the various classes under the capable instruction of the Misses Sternberg, whose work in the past seasons has won them much deserved success.

A New System of Shorthand.

The Syllabic Shorthand System was invented by Robert Boyd, B.A., of Winnipeg, in 1901, who found that the syllables of the English language were limited to 112.

This splendid method of abbreviated writing is fast becoming the predominant shorthand system. It is legible and speedy, and, as it has no position, shading nor dots, and only three rules and nine characters, it presents fewer difficulties to the learner than any other phonographic methods. Students write 100 words per minute in four weeks and read their notes equal to long hand. Mr. W. T. Moon, formerly

of Kingston, has secured the exclusive privilege of the system for Canada. Colleges have been opened in Chicago, Milwaukee and Winnipeg, and one has recently been started in Toronto, corner of Yonge and Bloor streets, Imperial Bank Building.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Kuhring—Sept. 10, Toronto, Mrs. (Rev.) Gus. Adolf Kuhring, a son.
Parkinson—Sept. 11, Toronto, Mrs. Walter Parkinson, a daughter.
Candee—Sept. 10, Toronto, Mrs. C. N. Candee, a daughter.
Smith—Sept. 11, Toronto, Mrs. G. Herbert Smith, a son.
Lander—Sept. 12, Toronto, Mrs. N. B. Lander, a daughter.
Mitchell—Sept. 11, Niagara Falls, Ont., Mrs. Charles H. Mitchell, a son.
McCullough—Sept. 14, Toronto, Mrs. W. A. McCullough, a son.

Marriages.

Barrett—McCrum—At Walkerton, on Tuesday, Sept. 16th, by the Rev. Rural Dean Robinson, Dr. Lawrence Athelstan Barrett, of Cobden, Ontario, son of His Hon. Judge Barrett, Walkerton, to Etta Jeune, eldest daughter of Henry McCrum, Esq., of Walkerton and Collingwood.

Tatham—Godfrey—At Listowel, on 10th inst., by Rev. Mr. Oliver, Miss Florence Godfrey of Listowel and Dr. C. Carlyle Tatham, of Carleton Place.

Macdonald—Harris—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harris, their daughter, Annie Louise, was married to Peter Archibald Macdonald, by the Rev. Dr. Chambers, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, 1922.

Greer—Bark—At the home of the bride's brother, 659 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, Sept. 17th, 1922, by the Rev. J. A. Turnbull, of West Presbyterian Church, R. H. Greer to Mary Clarissa Bark (May), only daughter of the late Chas. W. Bark.

Dinnis—Sullivan—Sept. 11, Toronto, Richard Dinnis to Louise A. Sullivan, Challenger—Woolmer—Sept. 12, Parkdale, George Percival Challenger to Ella Mabel Woolmer.

Rennie—Brough—Sept. 11, Toronto, William Gordon Rennie to Eleanor Augusta Brough.
Tucker—Montgomery—Sept. 16, Owen Sound, Harry George Tucker to Emily Annie Montgomery.

Alexander—Lingenfelten—Sept. 12, Toronto, Clayton Edgar Alexander to Josephine Lingenfelten.

Lee—Vodden—Sept. 17, Toronto, David

Kennedy Lee to Mary Ida Vodden.
Young—James—Sept. 17, Toronto, Rev. W. J. Young to Mrs. Maria James.
Hathaway—Scully—Sept. 17, Toronto, Irwin L. Hathaway to Annie Scully.
Doney—Sheppard—Sept. 17, Toronto, R. H. Doney to Mary Helen Sheppard.
Malcolm—Scott—Sept. 17, Toronto, Augustus Grant Malcolm to Mary Isabelle Scott.

Deaths.

Pringle—Sept. 10, Toronto, Albert Mowat Pringle.
Farquhar—Sept. 11, Toronto, George Farquhar, aged 66.
Young—Sept. 11, Toronto, Mrs. James Young.
Stoddart—Sept. 13, Bradford, Wilson Stoddart, aged 82.
Perkins—Sept. 12, Toronto, John W. Perkins, aged 32.
Unit—Sept. 15, Toronto, Fred W. Unit, aged 57.
Lewis—Sept. 13, Toronto, Elizabeth Marion Lewis, aged 10.
McGregor—Sept. 16, Toronto, James McGregor, aged 22.
Gillespie—Sept. 16, John Bell Gillespie, aged 73.
Taylor—Sept. 16, Toronto, Fred James Taylor.
Armstrong—Sept. 15, Toronto, P. C. John Armstrong, aged 59.
Gloster—Sept. 14, Toronto, Thomas Gloster, aged 33.
Fletcher—Sept. 17, Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Fletcher, aged 63.
Songer—Sept. 16, Toronto, Mrs. E. D. Songer, aged 47.

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